



STARMAN

No. 83

SANDMAN

by SIMON and KIRBY



FEB.

Adventure COMICS

10¢



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\$5 PRIZE-WINNING REVIEW:

BLACK FIRE

by Covelle Newcomb

Henri Christophe's mother and father were both slaves. When Henri was just seven years old, the slave master traded him to a sea captain. Still later, the captain sold him in Haiti where he worked as a stableboy. Henri fought with the slaves when they revolted against the rulers of Haiti. Through long years of struggle he was finally made the King of Haiti. The country grew rich under King Henri I. But the blacks once more revolted because they were being worked too hard. An old and feeble man who could no longer walk, King Henri Christophe shot himself in the heart.

Read in Black Fire, the story of Henri Christophe who was born a slave and died the king of Haiti!

RONALD LANGLEY

Otwell, Arkansas

OTHER \$5 PRIZE-WINNERS ARE:

BETTY JEAN KEISTER

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HAVE YOU JOINED THE JUNIOR JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA?

-IF YOU HAVE, YOU CAN READ THIS MESSAGE IN
"STARMAN CODE"

HPT LIX ITAY TINTL EPX

BTN EI? KH APTTNABPXO

AMQIN FNBIT IXM QKKNQ.!

The SANDMAN

and SANDY the GOLDEN BOY...

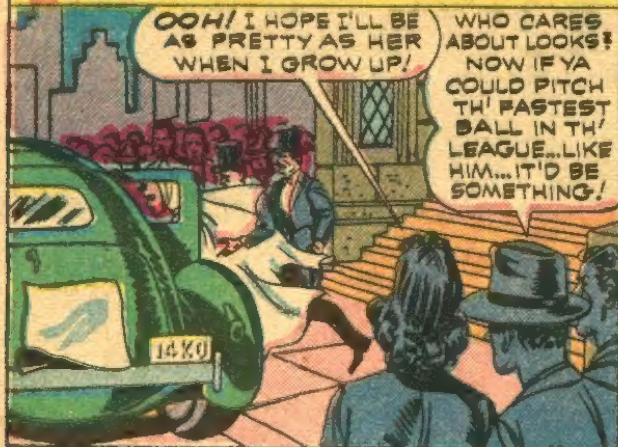
IN "The LADY AND THE CHAMP!"

HE WAS YOUNG, AMBITIOUS AND HANDSOME... BUT THE SHYEST PRIZE-FIGHTER EVER TO STEP INSIDE THE SQUARED CIRCLE! SHE WAS PRETTY AND CLEVER... AND A FAMOUS BROADCASTER... BUT SHE COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE HIM TAKE A BEATING! IT TOOK DREAMS AND AN OLD SUPERSTITION TO BRING THEM TOGETHER IN THIS STRANGEST OF ROMANCES YOU'VE EVER COME ACROSS... AND A HEARTLESS CRIMINAL PLOT TO SEPARATE THEM AGAIN... AND BEFORE THE WILD ADVENTURE IS OVER, IT TAKES ALL THE BRAINS AND BRAWN OF THOSE CHAMPIONS OF THE NIGHT... THE MYSTERIOUS SANDMAN AND HIS YOUNG PAL SANDY TO DELIVER A KNOCKOUT PUNCH TO VILLAINY AND TURN THE PRIZE RING INTO A WEDDING RING!

by JOE SIMON
AND JACK KIRBY

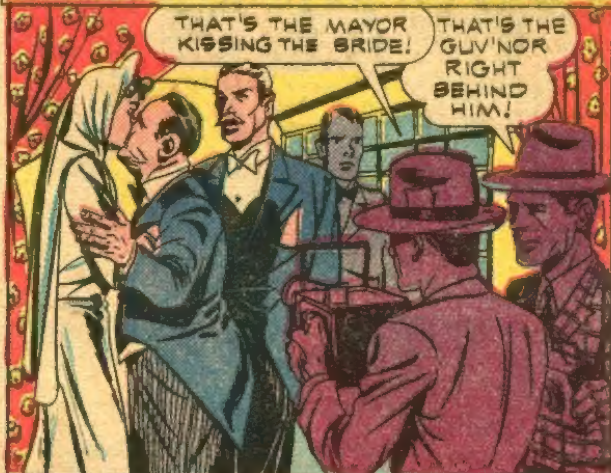
THE STORY OF THE SANDMAN, MIGHTY FIGHTER AND FIGURE OF MYSTERY, OPENS...STRANGELY ENOUGH...AT A WEDDING...WHERE A FAMOUS BASEBALL PLAYER MARRIES A BEAUTIFUL STAGE STAR.

AND EVERYBODY WHO IS ANYBODY IN NEW YORK CITY ATTENDS THE GALA RECEPTION FOR THE HAPPY PAIR AT THE RITZMORE BALLROOM!



OOH! I HOPE I'LL BE AS PRETTY AS HER WHEN I GROW UP!

WHO CARES ABOUT LOOKS? NOW IF YA COULD PITCH TH' FASTEST BALL IN TH' LEAGUE...LIKE HIM...IT'D BE SOMETHING!



THAT'S THE MAYOR KISSING THE BRIDE!

THAT'S THE GUV'NOR RIGHT BEHIND HIM!

THE HIGH SPOT OF ALL GOOD WEDDING PARTIES...CUTTING AND DISTRIBUTING THE ELABORATE CAKE AMONG THE GUESTS...

JIMMY MADDOX...RISING YOUNG LIGHTWEIGHT BOXER, HAS OTHER AMBITIONS THAN WINNING THE DIAMOND-SET CHAMPIONSHIP BELT!

VALERIE LEE...CONDUCTOR OF THE SPORTS COLUMN OF THE AIR, HAS MADE A SUCCESS OF A MAN'S JOB...BUT ISN'T SO SURE OF HERSELF IN MATTERS OF ROMANCE!

IF YOU SLEEP WITH A PIECE OF WEDDING CAKE UNDER YOUR PILLOW--YOU'LL DREAM OF THE PERSON YOU'LL MARRY!

I DON'T THINK MY WIFE WOULD APPROVE!

DON'T FORGET, JIMMY...UNDER YOUR PILLOW!

I KNOW WHO I'D LIKE TO DREAM ABOUT! BUT NOT A CHANCE!

I TRIED IT BEFORE WE WERE MARRIED, VALERIE...AND IT REALLY WORKED!

IF I DREAM OF THE MAN I'M THINKING OF...BUT HE'S NEVER EVEN LOOKED AT ME!



"CANDY KID" KOHLER, MANAGER OF JIMMY MADDOX AND OTHER BOXERS, HAS A SWEET TOOTH...

DREAMS, PHOOEY! WHEN I GET HOLD OF SOME-THIN' THAT LOOKS GOOD TO EAT, I EAT IT, MUGGSY!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WIT' YOU, CANDY--Y'AIN'T GOT NO SEDIMENT!

AS FOR WES DOODS... WEALTHY MAN-ABOUT-TOWN...AND HIS YOUNG PAL, SANDY HAWKINS...

DO YOU BELIEVE WEDDING CAKES MAKE PEOPLE DREAM, WES?

PERHAPS IT ISN'T THE CAKE, SANDY, BUT THE ROMANTIC THOUGHTS THAT GO WITH IT!



AND WES DOODS SHOULD KNOW WHAT HE IS TALKING ABOUT...FOR HE IS THE SANDMAN, WHOSE MYSTERIOUS MIDNIGHT EXCURSIONS BRING DREAMS OF HOPE TO THE OPPRESSED, AND NIGHTMARES TO THE WICKED!

MIDNIGHT...
AND
MISTY
FANTASIES
WHOSE
SOURCE
NO MAN
KNOWS
GATHER
OVER THE
STILL
FORMS OF
SLEEPERS
SUCH AS
THIS ONE...



ONLY
TO
VANISH
WHEN
WAKEFUL-
NESS
RETURNS...
AS IT
DOES
WITH A
START
TO
YOUNG
JIMMY
MADDOX...



VALERIE! HUH?
I MUST HAVE BEEN
DREAMING... WHY,
OF COURSE... THE
WEDDING CAKE!
THEN IT IS
TRUE!

AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE QUIET DUSK
OF VALERIE LEE'S PENTHOUSE.....



DREAMS... BUT NOT ALL OF THEM ARE
PLEASANT... AS "CANDY KID" KOHLER, THE
PRIZE FIGHT MANAGER, DISCOVERS...



YOU'D BETTER BE
CAREFUL, CANDY KID...
YOU CAN'T WIN A
CROOKED GAME!

GO 'WAY!
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

OH, WHAT A NIGHTMARE!
I DREAMED THE SANDMAN
WAS AFTER ME! BUT HOW
COULD HE KNOW I'M
PLANNING TO DOUBLE-
CROSS JIMMY MAD-
DOX WHEN HE MEETS
TH' CHAMP?



MUST HAVE
BEEN THAT
WEDDING CAKE
I ATE... THESE
CHOCOLATE CREAMS
OUGHT TO SETTLE
MY NERVES! AFTER
ALL, IT WAS JUST
A SILLY DREAM!



NEXT
DAY...

MADDOX HAS TWO
MORE FIGHTS BE-
FORE TH' BIG ONE...
HE'LL WIN 'EM EASY... AN'
EVERYBODY'LL LOOK FOR
HIM TO KAYO TH' CHAMP!
HAVE A GUMDROP?

NO, T'ANKS... SO
WE BET ALL OUR
CHIPS ON THE
CHAMP, HUH?



AN' JUST BEFORE THE
BIG FIGHT I GIVE JIMMY
THEM PILLS TO SLOW
HIM UP, RIGHT?

YOU
GOT IT,
TOPPER!



THAT EVENING, WES DODDS AND SANDY ATTEND A MAJOR BOXING EVENT---



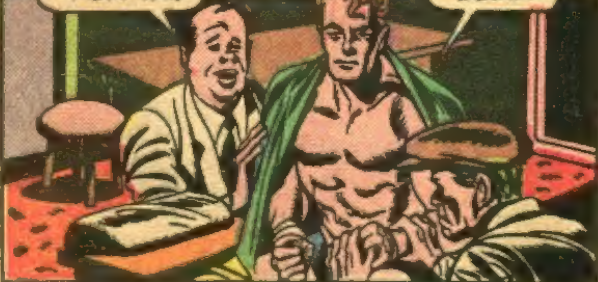
I SLEPT ON THE WEDDING CAKE, WES... AND DREAMED I WAS A GOLD PROSPECTOR!

MAYBE YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY AN HEIRESS!

UNAWARE OF HIS MANAGER'S PLOT AGAINST HIM, JIMMY MADDOX IS NEVERTHELESS NERVOUS AND JUMPY!

DON'T BE JITTERY, JIMMY-- YOU CAN TAKE THIS GUY, AND AFTER THAT THE CHAMP'LL BE A CINCH FOR YA!

YEAH--I KNOW... BUT I WAS THINKING OF SOMETHING ELSE!



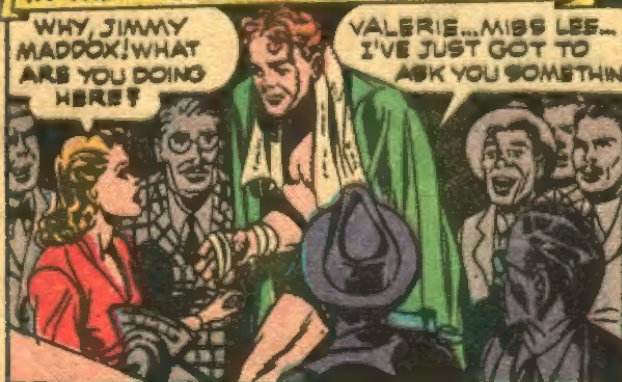
I'VE JUST GOT TO FIND OUT... AND THE ONLY WAY IS TO WALK RIGHT UP AND ASK HER!



IN THE PRESS SECTION... RINGSIDE...

WHY, JIMMY MADDOX! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

VALERIE... MISS LEE... I'VE JUST GOT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING!



DID YOU--UH--I MEAN WELL, DARN IT! DID YOU DREAM OF ANYTHING UNUSUAL LAST NIGHT?

DREAM? WHY... UH... THAT IS... DID YOU?



SOMETIMES WHEN WORDS GET STUCK, PEOPLE'S EYES TELL THE TRUTH... AND THIS IS ONE OF THE TIMES!

JIMMY! YOU DID! THAT WEDDING CAKE!!

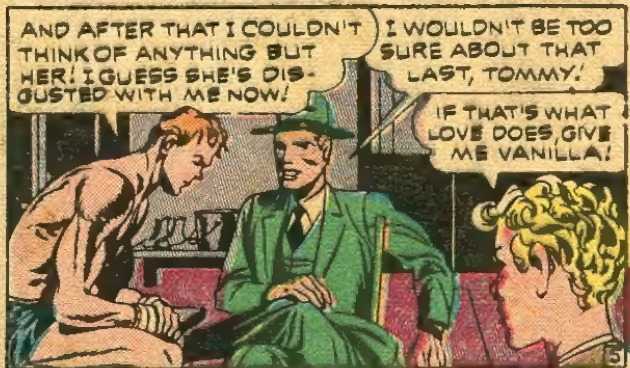
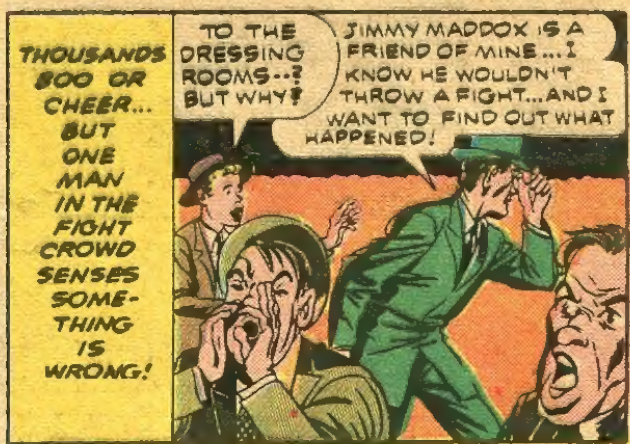
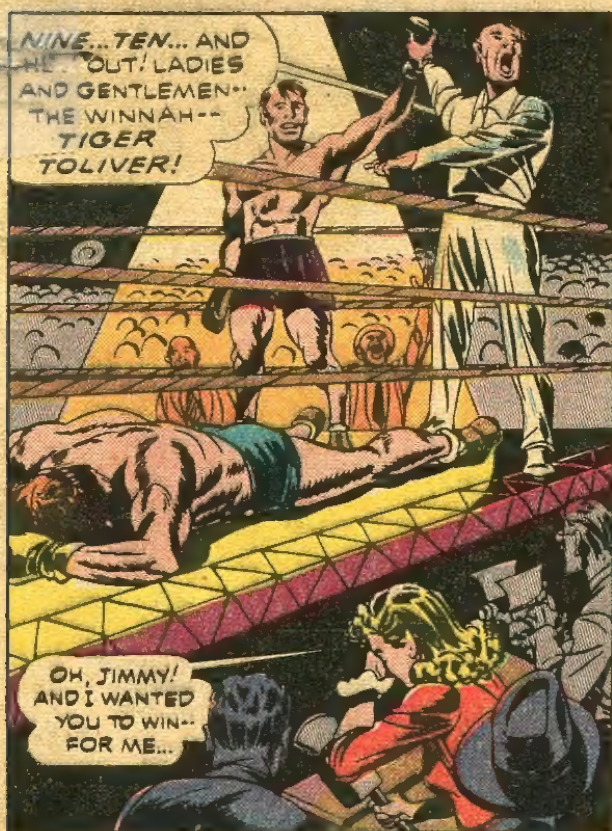
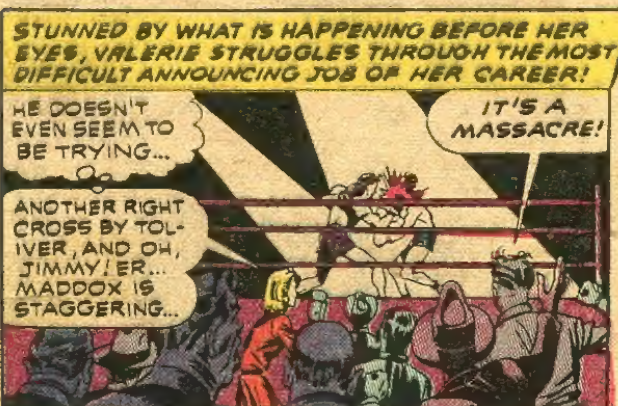
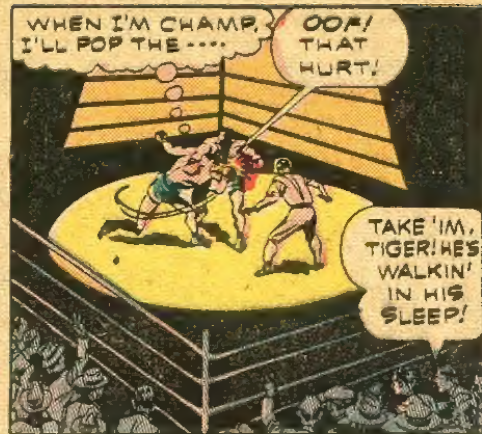
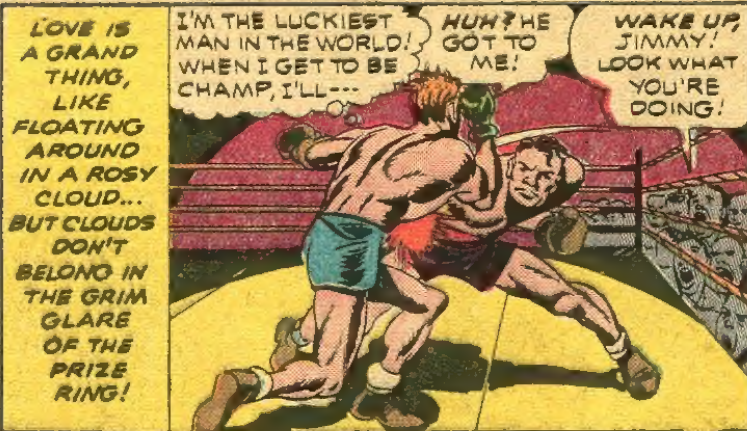
SO DID YOU! OH, VALERIE! GOLLY... I MEAN ---THAT WEDDING CAKE!

WELL! LOOK WHAT GOES ON HERE!



JIMMY MADDOX! ANYBODY SEEN JIMMY MADDOX?





WE'S DODD'S MIND, ATTUNED TO TROUBLE SIGNALS, IS NOT SATISFIED... AND AS HE PASSES AN OFFICE DOOR...

HE'S SABOTAGIN' OUR GAME! HOW WE GONNA GET BIG ODDS ON TH' CHAMP THIS WAY? HAVE A JELLYBEAN, TOPPER?

THE CANDY KID'S VOICE... NOW WHY SHOULD HE BE TALKING ABOUT BETTING ON THE CHAMP AGAINST HIS OWN FIGHTER?

WE COULD CLEAN UP BY GIVIN' MADDOX THEM PILLS BEFORE THE FIGHT-- BUT HE'S GOTTA KEEP WINNING UNTIL THEN!

YA'D T'UGHT HE WUZ DRUGGED TONIGHT-- THE WAY HE ACTED!

HMM... THIS CALLS FOR THE SANDMAN!

LATER... IN THE DODD'S HOME...

VALERIE LEE DIDN'T USE GOOD PSYCHOLOGY LETTIN' JIMMY KNOW SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH HIM JUST BEFORE THE FIGHT---

I GET IT! SO WE USE DIFFERENT PSYCHOLOGY, EH?

STREAKING ACROSS SHADOWED ROOF-TOPS... TWO SHINING, GOLDEN FIGURES ONCE MORE BEAR STRANGE GIFTS...

THAT'S VALERIE LEE'S PENTHOUSE! OUR WIREPOON GUNS WILL TAKE US UP THERE IN A JIFFY!

UNCONVENTIONAL WAY TO VISIT A LADY... BUT IF YOU SAY SO...

DREAMS OF HOPE FOR THE DESERVING...

THE SANDMAN! AM I DREAMIN'?

THAT ISN'T IMPORTANT, VALERIE... AS LONG AS YOU LISTEN CLOSELY TO WHAT I TELL YOU--

DREAMS OF TERROR FOR THOSE WITH UNEASY CONSCIENCE....

YIPE! THE SANDMAN'S GOT ME!

MAYBE I BETTER LAY OFF TH' CHOCOLATE CREAMS... I'LL TAKE ONE O' THESE SLEEPIN' PILLS WE'RE GONNA GIVE MADDOX, AN' SEE IF IT'LL KEEP ME FROM HAVIN' NIGHTMARES!

SO THOSE ARE THE PILLS... WHEN HE GOES BACK TO SLEEP, I'LL TAKE THEM AND LEAVE A HARMLESS SUBSTITUTE!

THE NIGHT OF THE LAST NIGHT BEFORE THE CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT...AND IT IS A LISTLESS JIMMY MADDOX WHO ENTERS THE RING ---

AND NOW-- THE FEATURE ATTRACTION... JIMMY MADDOX VERSUS SLEDGE-HAMMER SLATTERY!

I DON'T CARE WHETHER I WIN OR LOSE SINCE I'VE DISGRACED MYSELF BEFORE VALERIE!

SAVAGE BLOWS ROCK HIM ON HIS HEELS IN THE FIRST ROUND...

I'M GONNA SEND YA LILIES WHEN I'M T'ROUGH, MADDOX!

HIT HIM AGAIN, SLEDGE-HAMMER!

BOO! MADDOX IS YELLA!

THEN, IN THE BETWEEN-ROUNDS PAUSE, A GIRL'S VOICE RISES CLEARLY ABOVE THE RUMBLE OF THE CROWD!

SPORTS FANS.. MADDOX IS TAKING AN AWFUL BEATING! BUT I'M TAKING A WORSE ONE! I'M IN LOVE WITH THE SAG... AND FAILURE!

HUH? WHAT'S SHE CALLING ME?

BONG!

FAILURE, EH? I'LL SHOW HER!

SAVE THAT LILY FOR YOURSELF, SLEDGEHAMMER!

HEY! ARE YOU THE SAME GUY I WAS FIGHTIN' BEFORE?

WHAT A COMEBACK!

FOLKS... I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT ALL BACK! JIMMY IS GOING TO TOWN...AND SLATTERY IS GOING DOWN!

HE'S FAINTED!

THE WINNAH-HH! JIMMY MADDOX!!

LET'S SEE...SHE SAID SOMETHING ELSE...OH, YES... NOW I REMEMBER...

RAY! 'RAY!

SHE SAID SHE WAS GOING TO MARRY ME... OOOHHH...

CHALK UP A KNOCKOUT FOR CUPID!

BOXING FANS MOB THE ARENA A FEW EVENINGS LATER TO SEE THE CHAMPION, TORNADO TOMKINS, DEFEND HIS TITLE... BUT TWO SUPER-SPORTSMEN KEEP CLEAR OF THE CROWDS...

NO STANDING IN LINE FOR US, EH, SANDMAN?

WE'LL TAKE THE WIREPOON ROUTE TO THE ROOF... GO THROUGH A SKYLIGHT, AND PICK RESERVED SEATS IN THE RAFTERS!



MEANWHILE, OTHERS, WHOSE VEINS CONTAIN NO SPORTING BLOOD WHATEVER, FLOAT AT THE PROSPECT OF CROOKED PROFIT!

MADDOX TOOK THE SLEEPIN' PILLS, CANDY... HE'LL BE OUT BEFORE THE FIRST ROUND IS OVER!

HE'D BETTER BE! WE GOT EVERY DIME WE OWN ON TH' CHAMP!

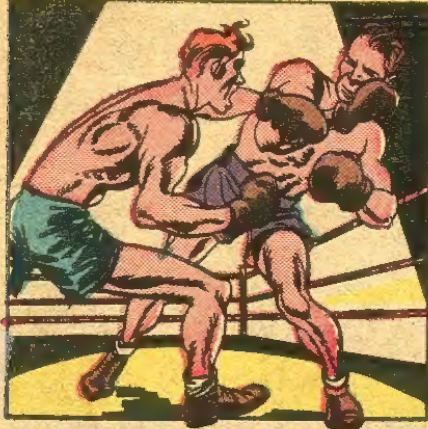


BUT A WHIRLING DYNAMO OF ENERGY FACES THE CHAMP WHEN THE GONG SOUNDS... THANKS TO THE SANDMAN'S SUBSTITUTION OF THE HARMLESS PILLS FOR THE DRUGGED ONES!

AND THEY SAID MADDOX WAS SLIPPING! TOMKINS WON'T LAST THREE ROUNDS AT THIS RATE!

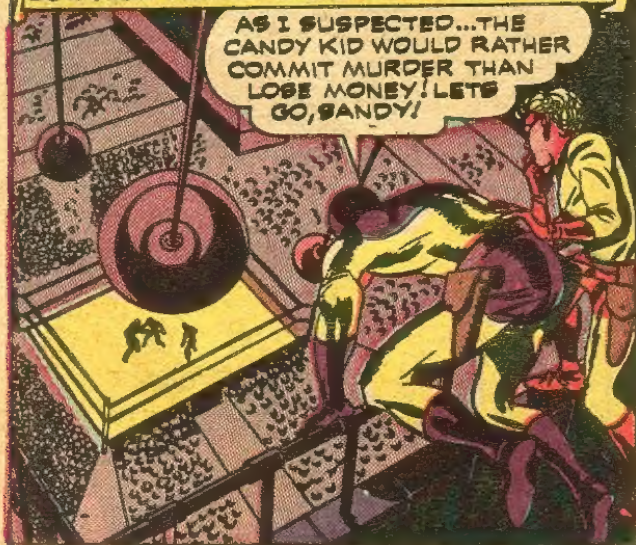
THE PILLS AIN'T WORKIN'! WE'LL LOSE OUR DOUGH!

WE CAN'T LOSE IF TH' FIGHT AIN'T FINISHED... AN' IT WON'T BE!



BUT... HIGH ABOVE THE CHEERING CROWD...

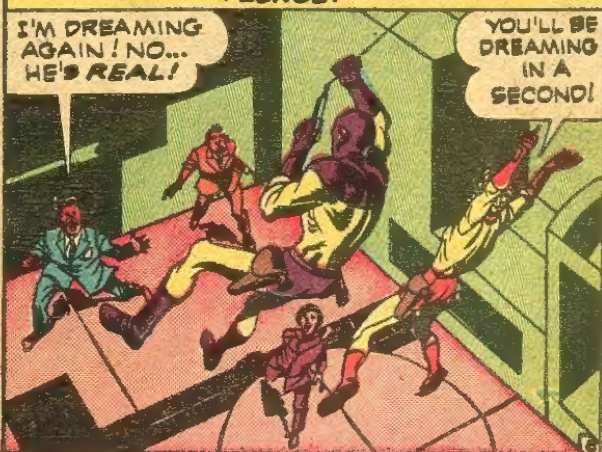
AS I SUSPECTED... THE CANDY KID WOULD RATHER COMMIT MURDER THAN LOSE MONEY! LETS GO, SANDY!

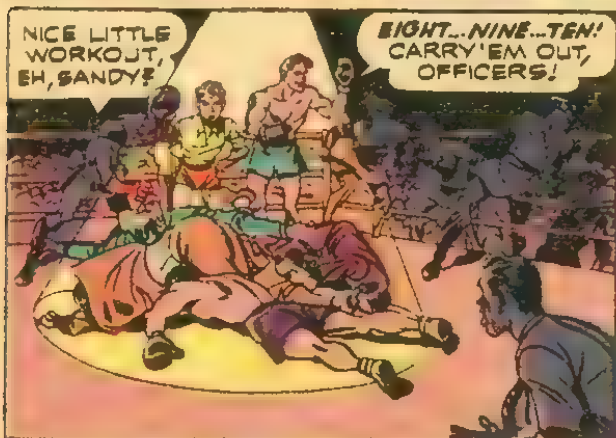
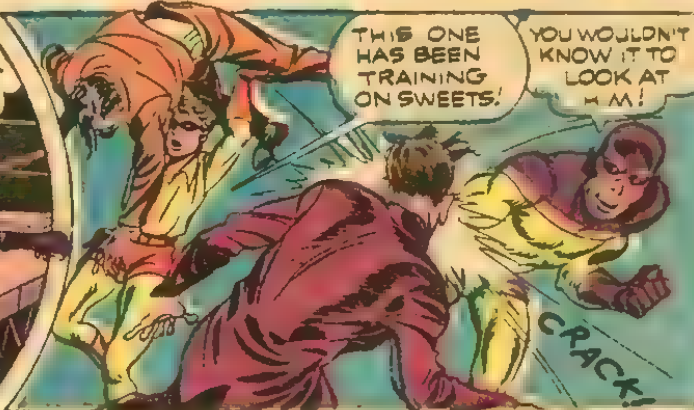
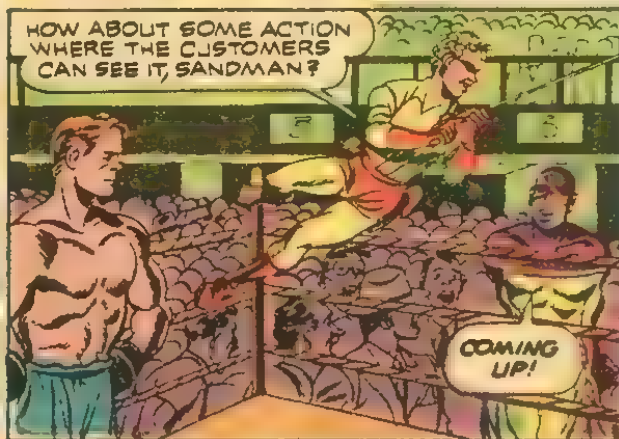
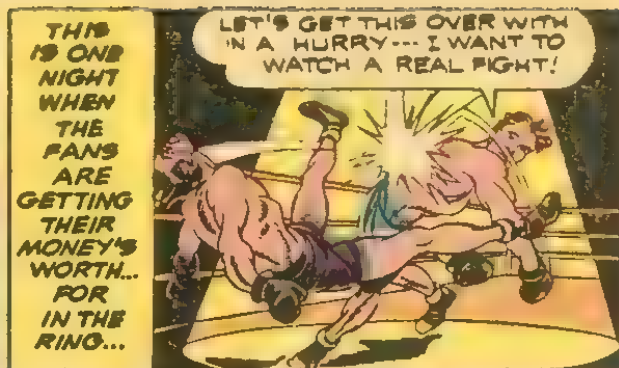


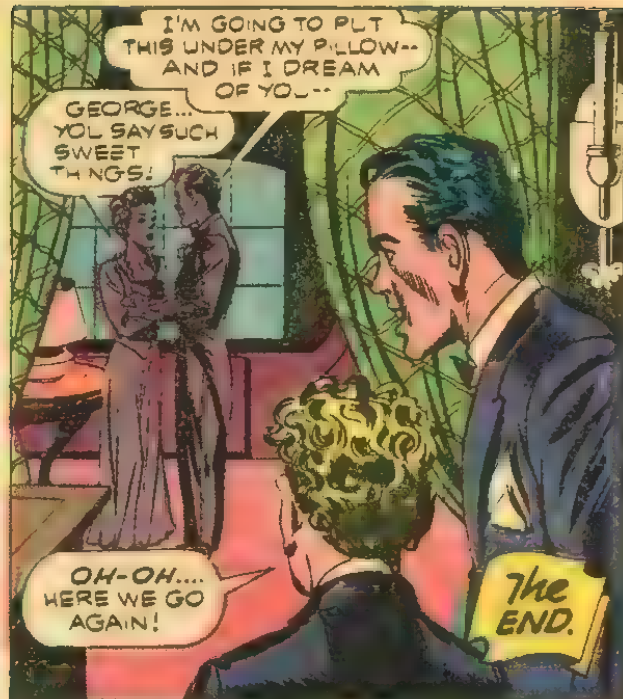
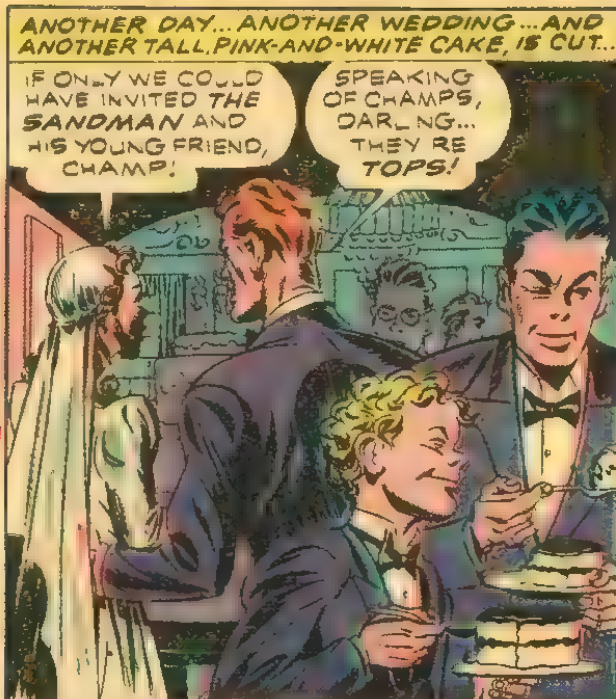
THE BARBED TIP OF THE AMAZING WIREPOON EMBEDS ITSELF IN A CEILING BEAM... AND THE TAUT WIRE BEARS THE GOLD AND PURPLE FIGURE OF THE SANDMAN IN A BREATHLESS PLUNGE!

I'M DREAMING AGAIN! NO... HE'S REAL!

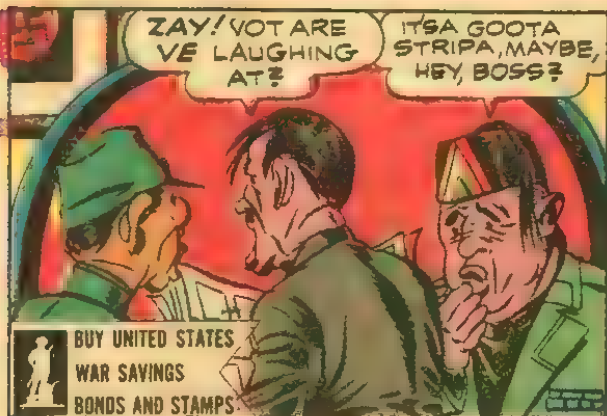
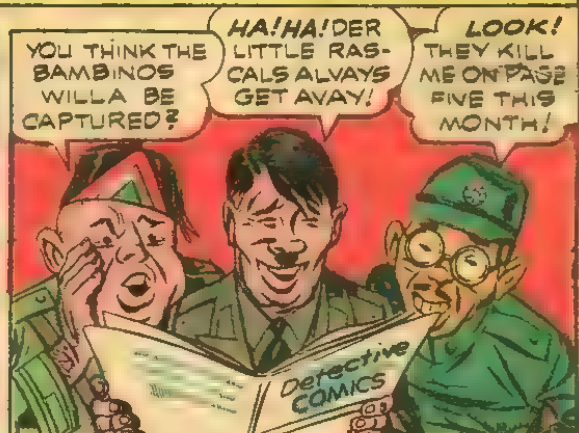
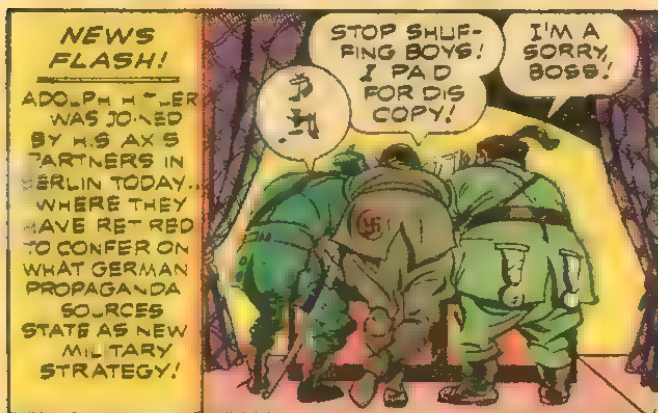
YOU'LL BE DREAMING IN A SECOND!



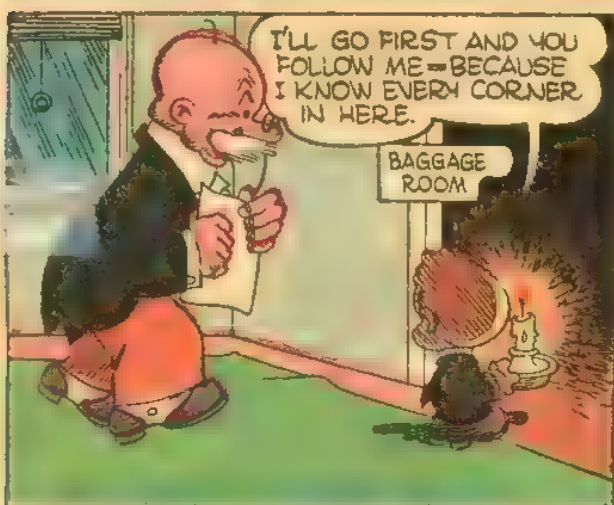
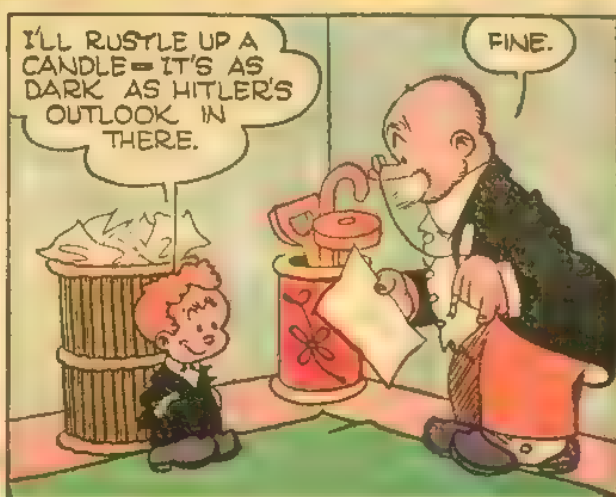
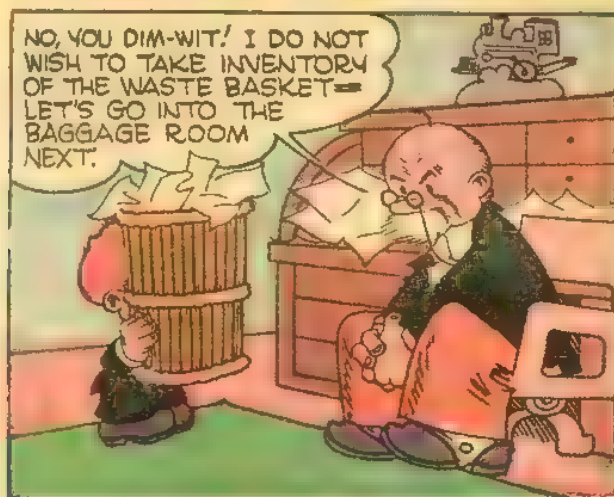




Everybody READS **The BOY COMMANDOS**



LITTLE TOM



ANOTHER MEETING OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY!
WONDER WOMAN PRESIDING SECRETARY!

BUT NO ONE SHOWS UP!
 THE ROLL CALL IS READ BUT NO ONE ANSWERS --- **WHY?**

YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS THIS AMAZING ADVENTURE OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY
 IN WHICH ITS MEMBERS TANGLE WITH...

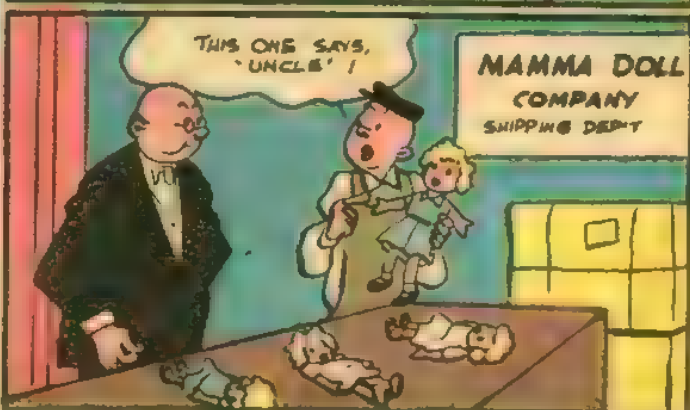
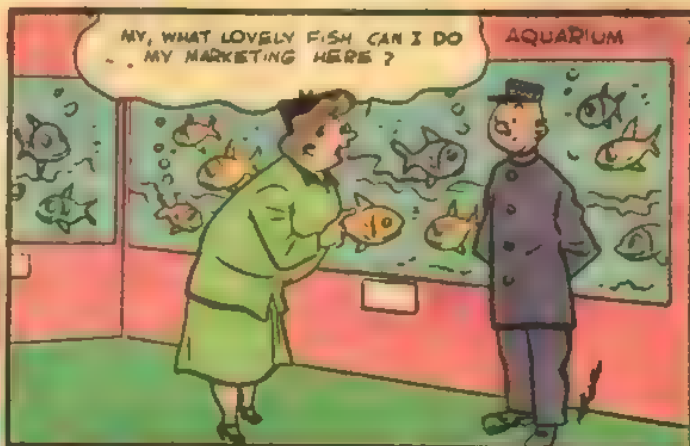
"THE MAN WHO CREATED IMAGES" !!

ALL STAR Comics
 10

THE STORY OF
 THE MAN WHO CREATED IMAGES
 IN THIS FASCINATING LETTER FROM ALICE
 IN THE CITY OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY TO
 ITS SECRETARY WONDER WOMAN:
 "THE MAN WHO CREATED IMAGES" IS THE
 MOST FASCINATING, MYSTERY, AND
 ADVENTURE OF THE MONTH!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

LAFFS



STARMAN

REMEMBER
THE OLD WISHING-
REFRAIN.

STARLIGHT
STARBRIGHT
I WISH I MAY
I WISH I MIGHT
HAVE THE WISH
I WISH TONIGHT
?

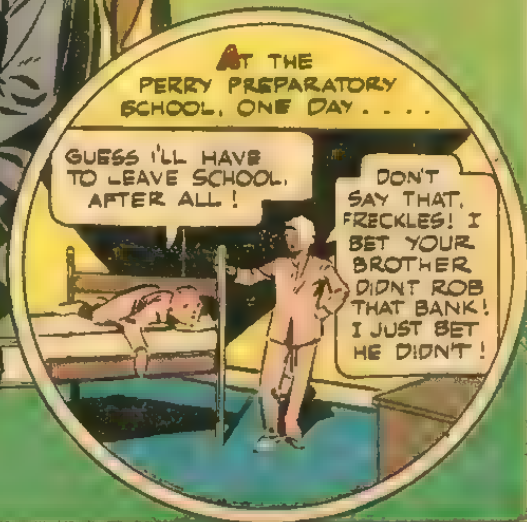
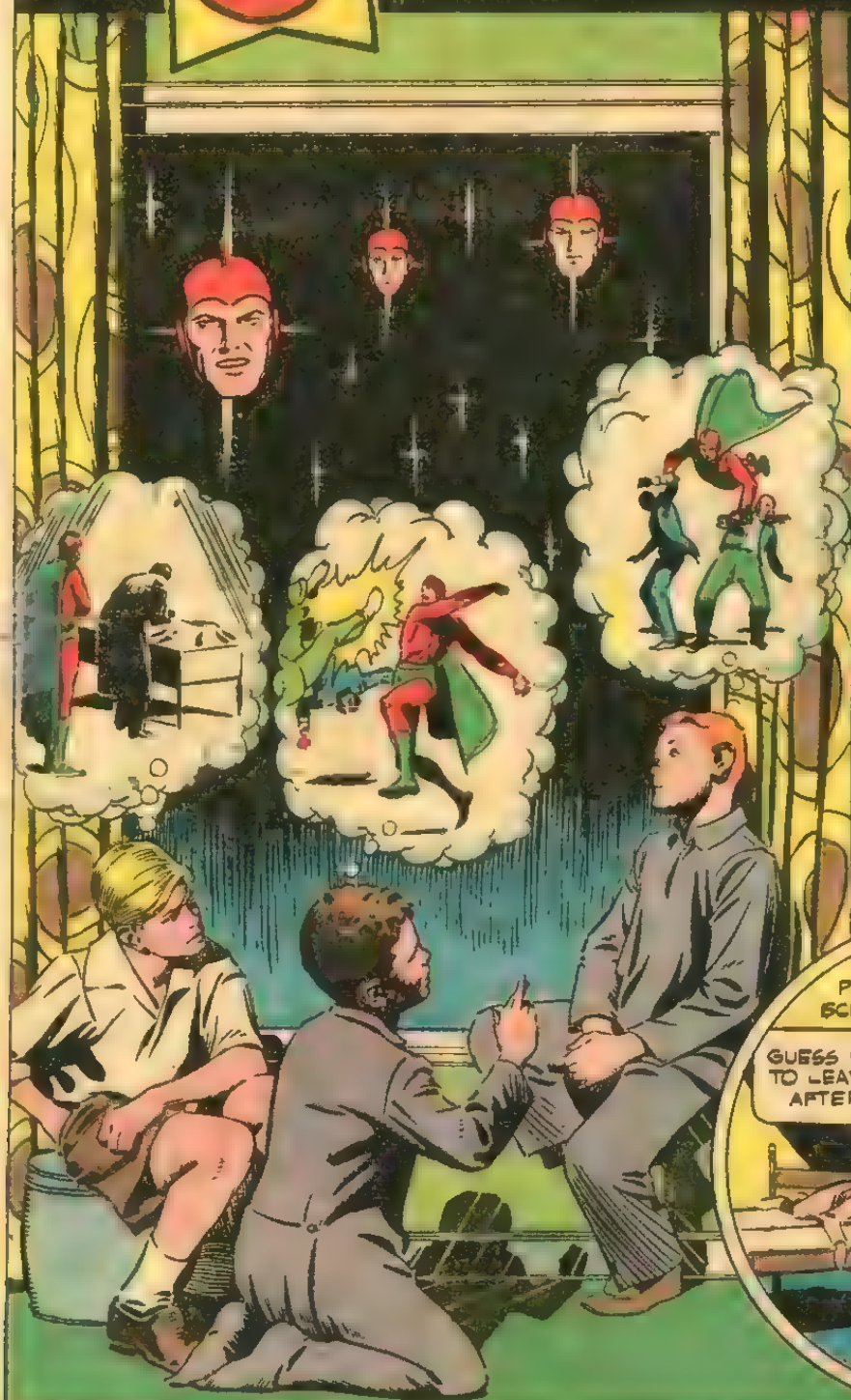
WELL, WHEN THAT
LITTLE COUPLET
BRINGS OUT STAR-
MAN AND PLUNGES
HIM INTO THE
MIDDLE OF A DRAMA
AS TENSE AND EX-
CITING AS THOSE
SAME STARS HAVE
PEERED DOWN ON
THROUGH THE CENT-
URIES - YOU COULDN'T
ASK FOR ANY MORE
EVEN THOUGH YOU
SHOULD...

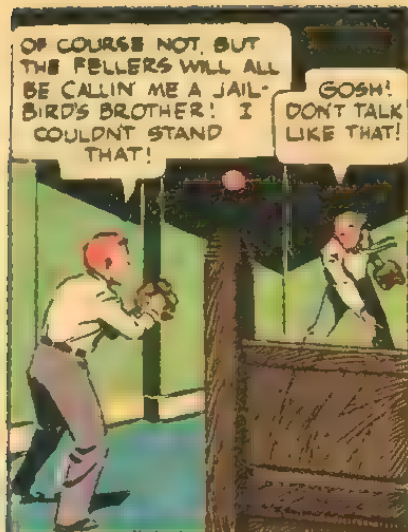
**"WISH UPON
A
STAR!"**

AT THE
PERRY PREPARATORY
SCHOOL, ONE DAY...

GUESS I'LL HAVE
TO LEAVE SCHOOL,
AFTER ALL!

DON'T
SAY THAT,
FRECKLES! I
BET YOUR
BROTHER
DIDNT ROB
THAT BANK!
I JUST BET
HE DIDNT!





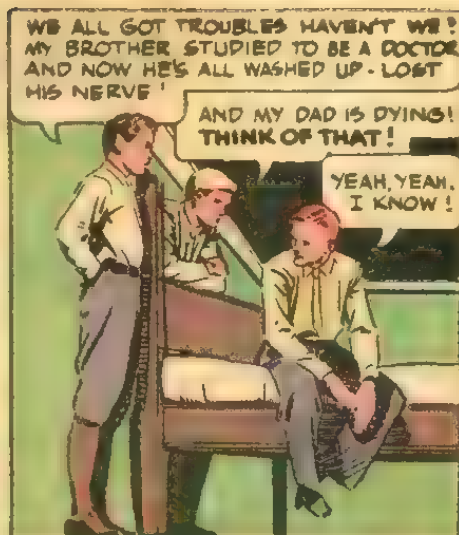
OF COURSE NOT, BUT THE FELLERS WILL ALL BE CALLIN' ME A JAIL-BIRD'S BROTHER! I COULDN'T STAND THAT!

GOSH! DON'T TALK LIKE THAT!



WHITEY-FRECKLES! VISITORS! GET UP FOR INSPECTION!

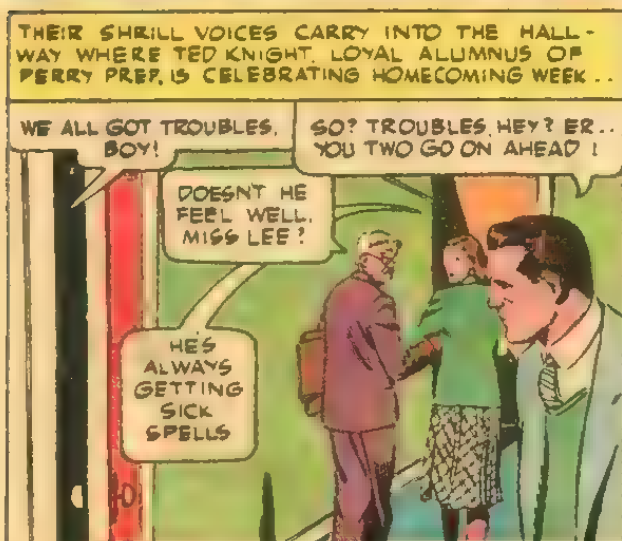
AW, WHAT DO I CARE!



WE ALL GOT TROUBLES HAVEN'T WE? MY BROTHER STUDIED TO BE A DOCTOR AND NOW HE'S ALL WASHED UP - LOST HIS NERVE!

AND MY DAD IS DYING! THINK OF THAT!

YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW!



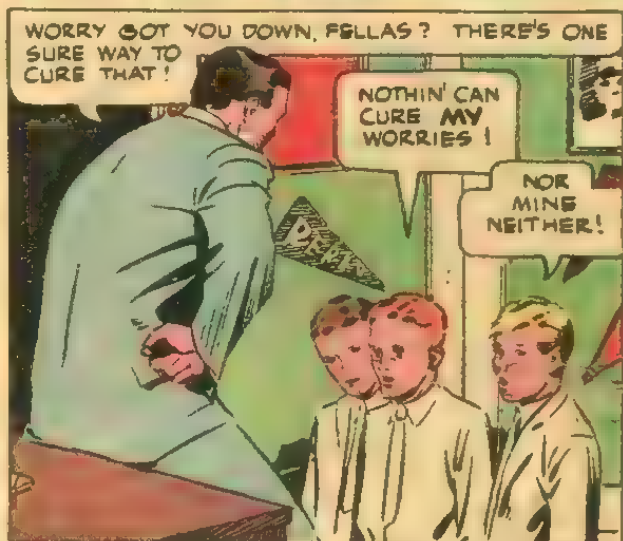
THEIR SHRILL VOICES CARRY INTO THE HALL - WAY WHERE TED KNIGHT, LOYAL ALUMNUS OF PERRY PREP, IS CELEBRATING HOMECOMING WEEK...

WE ALL GOT TROUBLES, BOY!

SO? TROUBLES HEY? ER... YOU TWO GO ON AHEAD!

DOESNT HE FEEL WELL, MISS LEE?

HE'S ALWAYS GETTING SICK SPELLS



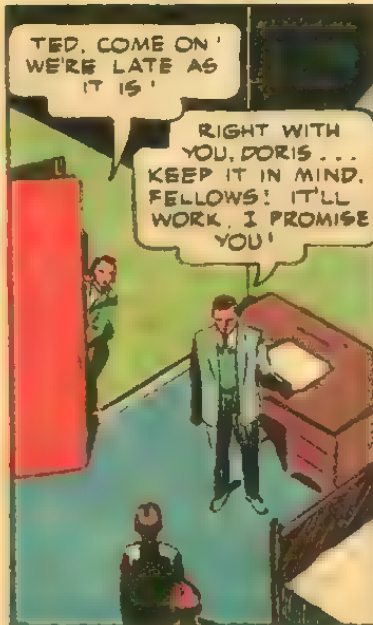
WORRY GOT YOU DOWN, FELLAS? THERE'S ONE SURE WAY TO CURE THAT!

NOTHIN' CAN CURE MY WORRIES!

NOR MINE NEITHER!



TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT YOU MAKE A WISH ON A STAR - AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS - IT CAN'T FAIL!



TED, COME ON! WE'RE LATE AS IT IS!

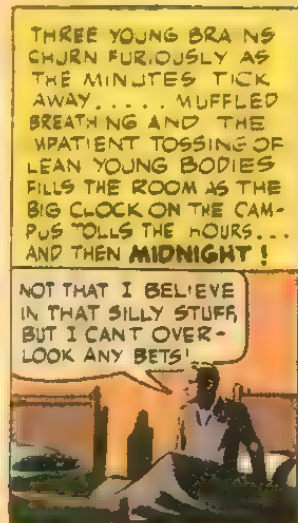
RIGHT WITH YOU, DORIS... KEEP IT IN MIND, FELLOWS! IT'LL WORK, I PROMISE YOU!



I HOPE YOU GUYS DON'T SWALLOW THAT STUFF!

NOT ME!

WHAT COULD WISHIN' ON A STAR DO? THAT'S THE BUNK!



THREE YOUNG BRAINS CHURN FURIOUSLY AS THE MINUTES TICK AWAY. . . . MUFFLED BREATHING AND THE IMPATIENT TOSSING OF LEAN YOUNG BODIES FILLS THE ROOM AS THE BIG CLOCK ON THE CAMPUS TOLLS THE HOURS. . . AND THEN **MIDNIGHT!**

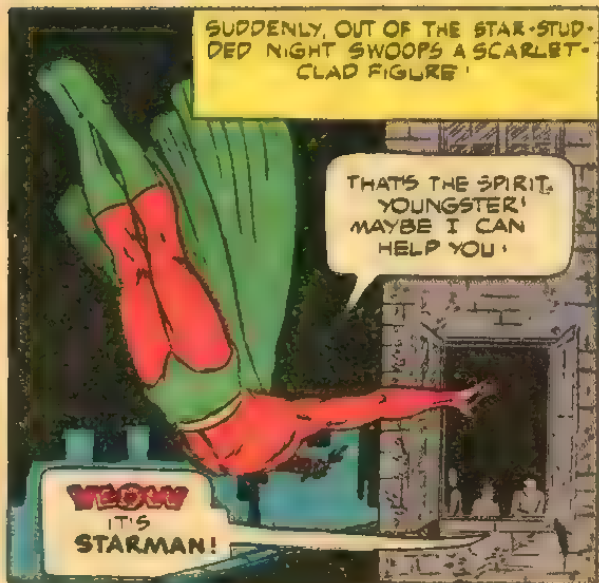
NOT THAT I BELIEVE IN THAT SILLY STUFF, BUT I CAN'T OVERLOOK ANY BETS!



OH. ER. HELLO FELLOWS!

HA HA! THIS IS CRAZY-

YEAH! IT IS BUT HERE! WE ARE LET'S START WISHING!



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE STAR-STUDDED NIGHT SWOOPS A SCARLET-CLAD FIGURE!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, YOUNGSTER! MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU!

YEDUW
IT'S STARMAN!



I WISH MY BROTHER COULD BE PROVED INNOCENT OF ROBBING THE BANK WHERE HE WORKED! THEY HAVE HIM AT JOLEY PRISON!

THAT'S YOUR WISH! NOW WHAT IS YOURS, WHITEY?



MY DAD'S PLENTY SICK. . . IF HE COULD BE CURED, GOLLY! MY WISH IS THAT HE DOES GET CURED!



MY BROTHER WAS A SWELL SURGEON, BUT A MAN DIED AFTER HE OPERATED ON HIM AND HE LOST HIS NERVE! HE'S ALL WASHED UP! I WISH HE - HED GET HIS STUFF BACK!

WHEW, YOU BOYS DO HAVE TROUBLE, DON'T YOU?



BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

WISH I MIGHT HAVE THE WISH I'VE WISHED TONIGHT!

AND WITH THE ASTRAL MAN RIDE THE HOPES OF HIS THREE WELL-WISHERS!

AT JOLEY PRISON, IN A GLOOMY CELL, SITS CHARLEY FRENCH HEAD BOWED, HEART HEAVY WITH SORROW...

WHAT'S THE USE? I'M SUNK! I'VE BEEN FRAMED... AND FRAMED GOOD!

THAT'S A FINE WAY TO FEEL WHEN YOU'VE GOT A KID BROTHER WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD WAITING FOR YOU!

STARMAN! YOU... YOU KNOW FRECKLES?

HE WANTS TO CLEAR YOU! HE MADE A WISH TONIGHT AND I'M GOING TO HELP HIM GET IT IF YOU'LL DO YOUR PART!

IT WAS THAT RAT, ROOLEY ROYCE!



ROOLEY RUNS ROULETTE AT HIS CLUB CASINO! I... I BEGAN GAMBLING THERE AND LOSING! THEN ROOLEY ROBBED MY BANK... AND FRAMED ME! BUT I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

HE PLANTED SOME OF THE STOLEN MONEY IN MY ROOM! HE HAD WITNESSES TO TESTIFY THAT I WAS GAMBLING! I WAS LICKED RIGHT AWAY EVEN THOUGH I PROVED I WAS GAMBLING WITH MY OWN MONEY!

I'LL SEE ROOLEY RIGHT AWAY!

LET US GO BACK TWO HOURS, TO A PRIVATE APARTMENT AT THE CLUB CASINO, WHERE ROOLEY ROYCE STRUTS UP IN FRONT OF A MIRROR, THIN, CRUEL LIPS SMILING IN VAIN ADMIRATION!

ALL SET FOR THAT SILK JOB ROOLEY! SAY, THAT'S A NIFTY SUIT YOU'RE WEARING!

ROOLEY'S THE BEST DRESSED CROOK IN THE BIG DOUGH.

AND THE BEST LOOKING, TOO! DON'T FORGET THAT!

LATER... AT THE SAWYER SILK WAREHOUSE....

QUICK, LOAD THE VANS WHILE I MAKE SURE NO ONE ELSE IS AROUND TO SPOT US!

UPSTAIRS, ROOLEY SLAMS INTO A ROOM WHERE A RESEARCH EXPERT WORKS LATE



WHO ARE... OH!

YOU'RE ONE GUY WHO WON'T GET OFF AN ALARM!

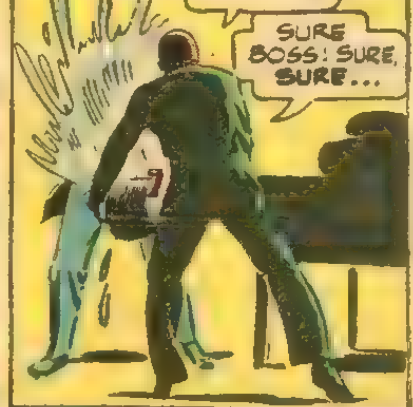
IN A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT, THE DYING MAN FLINGS THE VIAL OF ACID... AND SCORES A PERFECT HIT!



TAKE THAT...

A-A-AH!
HELP! I'M BURNING UP!

WAAALP! THROW THAT WATER ON ME QUICK!



SURE BOSS! SURE, SURE...

MY-MY FACE IS RUINED! LOOK AT ME! TELL ME...AM I UGLY?



YOU- YOU... AW, ROOLEY YOU'LL GET OVER IT!

YOU GUYS GET ME THE NAME OF SOME DOC! SOMEBODY THAT'S GOOD, GET ME? A SURGEON WHO CAN DO A SKIN-GRAFTING JOB AND MAKE ME EVEN BETTER LOOKIN' THAN BEFORE!



HERE'S A DOC. - NAME'S FRED, MARTIN! A YEAR AGO HE WAS CHIEF SURGEON AT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL! WE'LL GO WITH YOU!



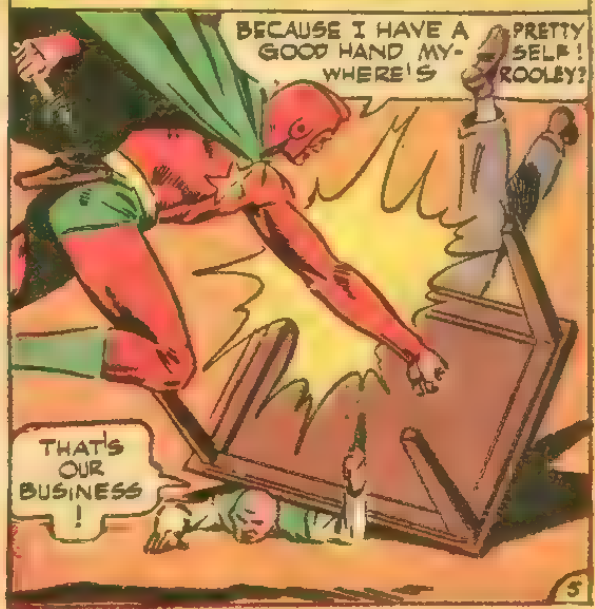
I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN UGLY LIKE THIS!

A QUICK DEPARTURE, THEN ONE HOUR LATER, AS CARDS FALL SOFTLY ON TABLES, A GRIM, SCARLET FORM SWOOPS THROUGH THE WINDOW!

I GUESS I WIN, FELLAS! THIS... HUH? STARMAN! MIND IF I SIT IN ON YOUR LITTLE GAME!?

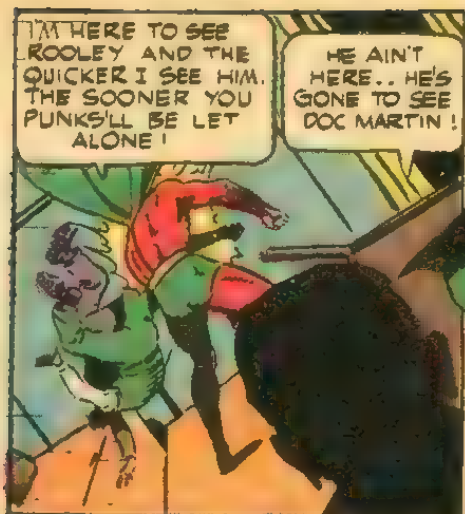


LIKE A RAGING TIGER, THE SCARLET SCOURGE SWINGS INTO ACTION



BECAUSE I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD HAND MY-SELF! WHERE'S ROOLEY?

THAT'S OUR BUSINESS!



I'M HERE TO SEE ROOLEY AND THE QUICKER I SEE HIM, THE SOONER YOU PUNKS'LL BE LET ALONE!

HE AIN'T HERE... HE'S GONE TO SEE DOC MARTIN!

MARTIN! COULD THAT BE YOUNG RED'S BROTHER?



I'VE BEEN PRACTICING FOR A YEAR ON ANIMALS. I CAN CURE THEM... BUT CAN I CURE A MAN?

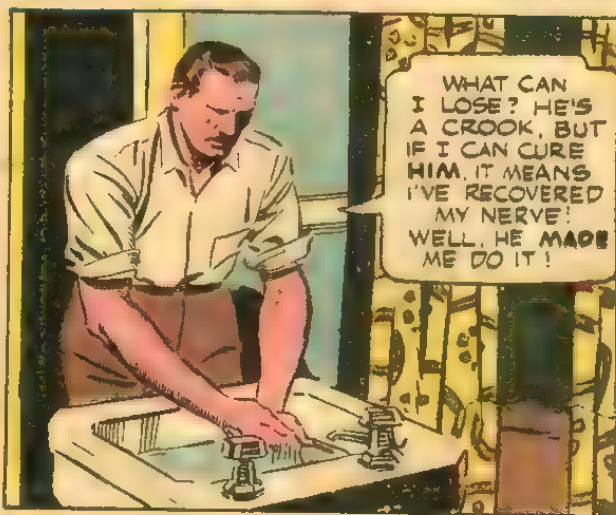
HELLO, DOC!

IT NOT ONLY COULD BE BUT IT IS! AND AS HE SITS BROODING, FIGHTING AGAINST HIMSELF, THE HARDEST OF ALL BATTLES...



YOU FRED MARTIN? I WANT YOU TO OPERATE ON ME... FIX UP MY FACE

WHAT!?
I...I... OKAY... I'LL OPERATE!



WHAT CAN I LOSE? HE'S A CROOK, BUT IF I CAN CURE HIM, IT MEANS I'VE RECOVERED MY NERVE! WELL, HE MADE ME DO IT!



SILENCE FILLS THE ROOM, PUNCTUATED ONLY BY THE SHARP SNIP-SNIP OF SCISSORS THE DEFT SLICE OF A SCALPEL, THE FLASH OF A HAGEDORN NEEDLE...

THERE 'M ALMOST DONE!



AND LATER AS DOCTOR MARTIN TASTES THE SHARP THRILL OF SUCCESS!

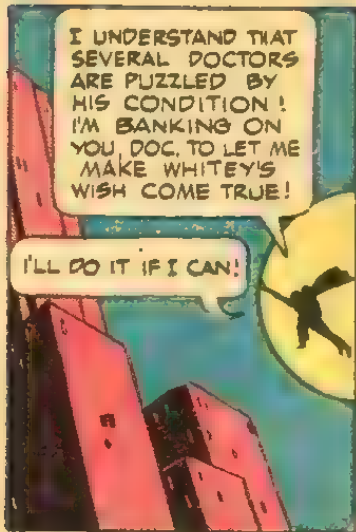
I'VE DONE IT! I'VE RECOVERED MY TOUCH! I CAN PERFORM ANY OPERATION NOW!

CONGRATULATIONS! HMMM... I SEE YOUR PATIENT IS GONE!



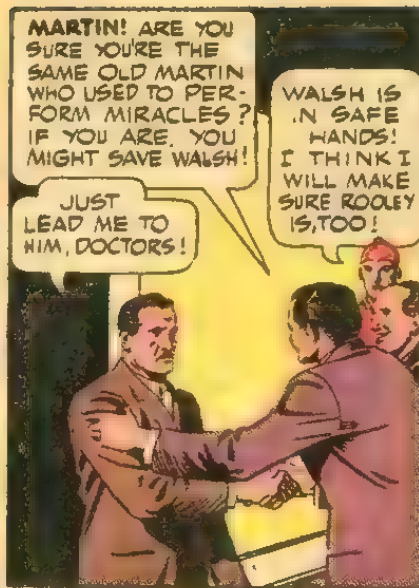
GOOD! THEN YOU CAN SAVE WHITEY WALSH'S FATHER! I CAN GET ROOLEY ANYTIME... BUT WE MUST SAVE WALSH NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE CHANCE!

YES... I WAS AFRAID TO TEST MYSELF, BUT WHEN ROOLEY MADE ME, I DISCOVERED I'M AS GOOD AS EVER!



I UNDERSTAND THAT SEVERAL DOCTORS ARE PUZZLED BY HIS CONDITION! I'M BANKING ON YOU, DOC, TO LET ME MAKE WHITEY'S WISH COME TRUE!

I'LL DO IT IF I CAN!



MARTIN! ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE THE SAME OLD MARTIN WHO USED TO PERFORM MIRACLES? IF YOU ARE, YOU MIGHT SAVE WALSH!

JUST LEAD ME TO HIM, DOCTORS!

WALSH IS IN SAFE HANDS! I THINK I WILL MAKE SURE ROOLEY IS, TOO!



MEANWHILE, ROOLEY IS HIMSELF AGAIN!

ROOLEY! YOU'RE BETTER LOOKIN' THAN BEFORE!

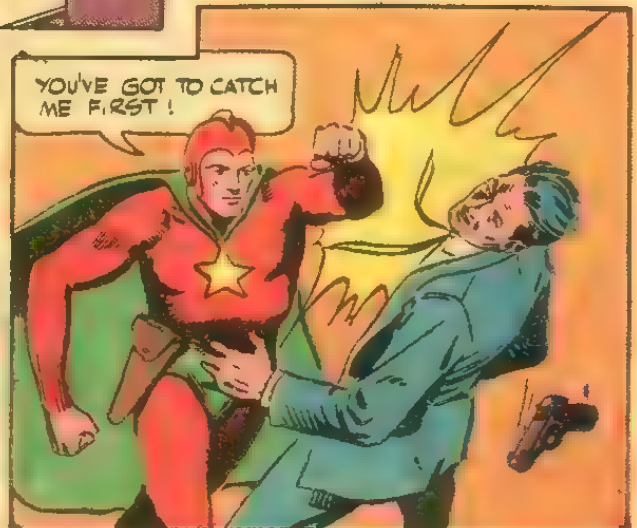
HA, HA! I THINK I AM PEANUTS! I THINK I AM!



STARMAN!

THAT FACE'LL LOOK EVEN BETTER BEHIND BARS, ROOLEY!

GET HIM, BOYS!



YOU'VE GOT TO CATCH ME FIRST!



AND IT LOOKS LIKE YOU BOYS ARE JUST CATCHING EACH OTHER SO FAR!

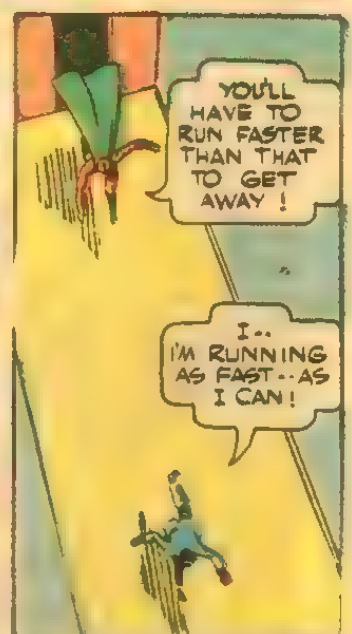
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'!

AAA-BON!

THINK I'M DOING THIS ON PURPOSE!?

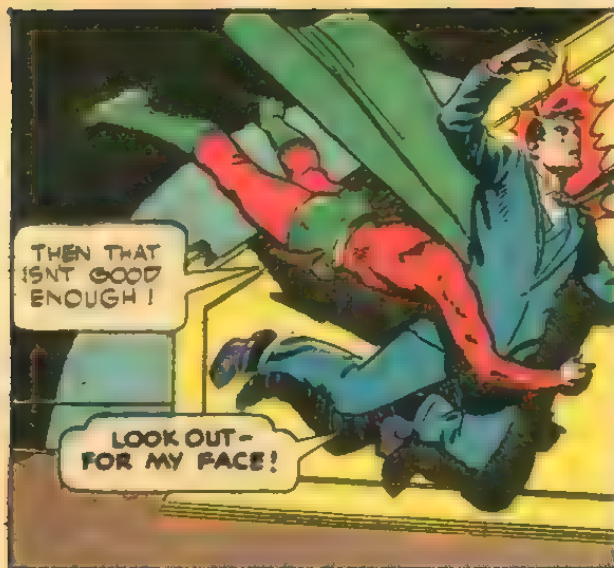
I CAN'T LET HIM GET ME!

ONE SIDE, PUNKS. I'M IN A HURRY



YOU'LL HAVE TO RUN FASTER THAN THAT TO GET AWAY!

I.. I'M RUNNING AS FAST--AS I CAN!

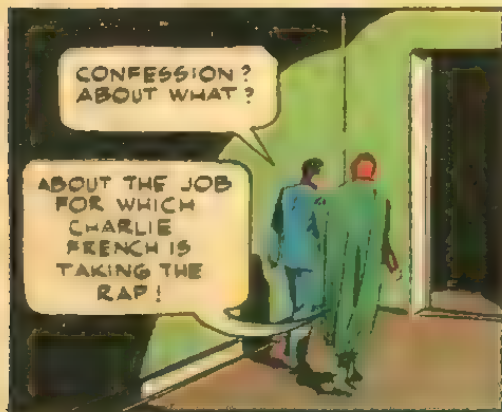


THEN THAT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH!

LOOK OUT-
FOR MY FACE!

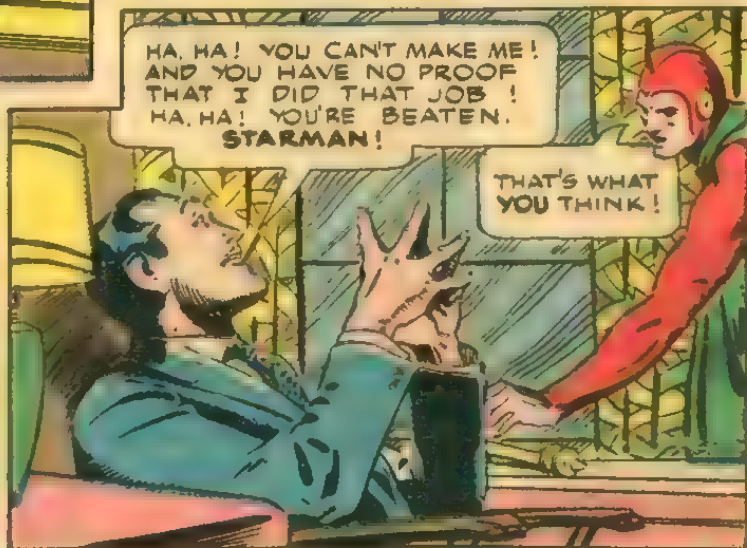
DON'T- DON'T
HIT ME! YOU-
YOU'LL SPOIL
THE
OPERATION!

SUITS
ME!
WHAT I
WANT
FROM YOU
IS A
CON-
FESSION
ANY-
HOW!



CONFESSION?
ABOUT WHAT?

ABOUT THE JOB
FOR WHICH
CHARLIE
FRENCH IS
TAKING THE
RAP!



HA, HA! YOU CAN'T MAKE ME!
AND YOU HAVE NO PROOF
THAT I DID THAT JOB!
HA, HA! YOU'RE BEATEN.
STARMAN!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK!



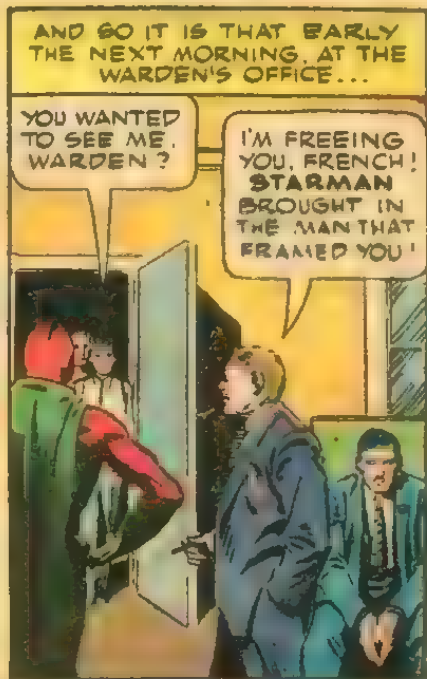
SEE HOW MY
GRAVITY ROD RAISED THAT
CHAIR? IT COULD ALSO RAISE
THAT NEW FACE OF YOURS!

NO!
NO- OH NO!
NOT THAT!



I COULD STAND
ANYTHING BUT-
BEING UGLY
AGAIN! THERE.
NOW YOU HAVE
YOUR
CONFESSION!

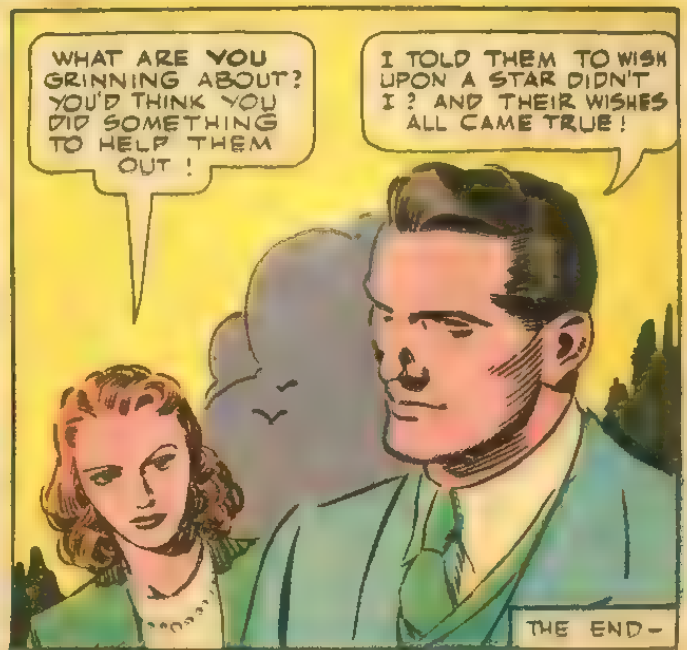
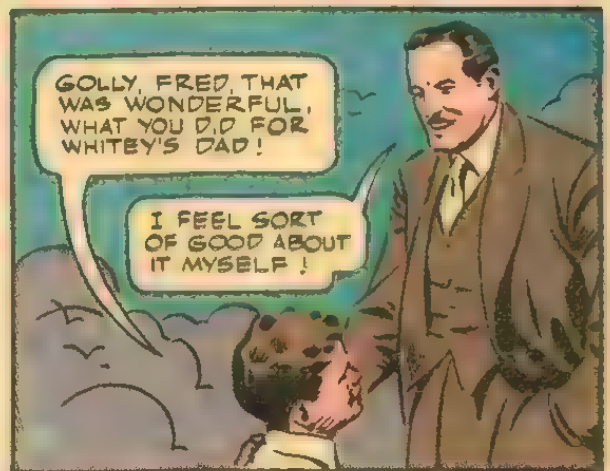
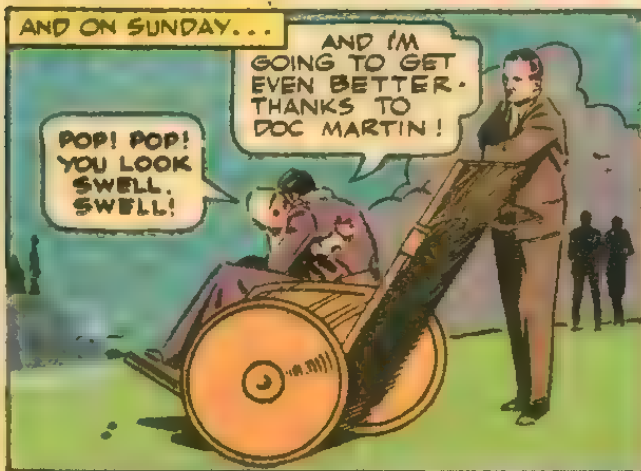
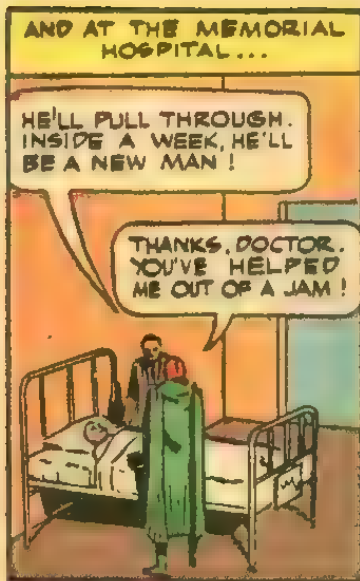
SHALL WE
PAY CHARLIE
FRENCH'S
WARDEN
A VISIT
NOW?



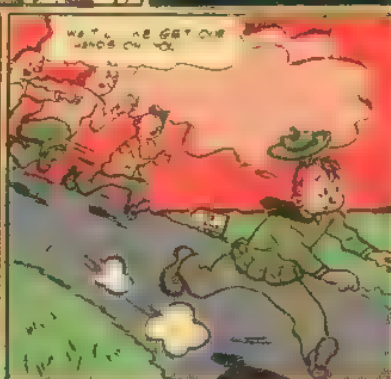
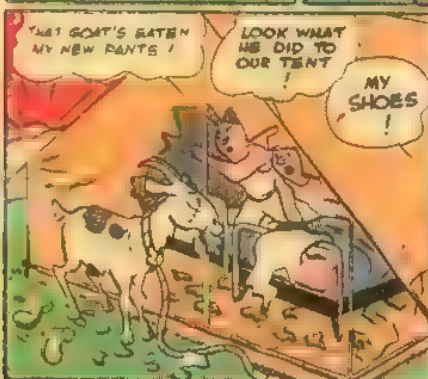
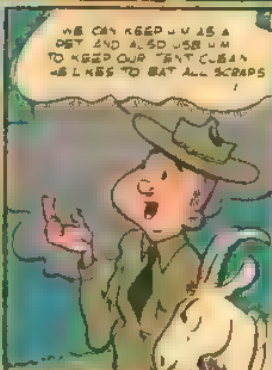
AND SO IT IS THAT EARLY
THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE
WARDEN'S OFFICE...

YOU WANTED
TO SEE ME,
WARDEN?

I'M FREEING
YOU, FRENCH!
STARMAN
BROUGHT IN
THE MAN THAT
FRAMED YOU!







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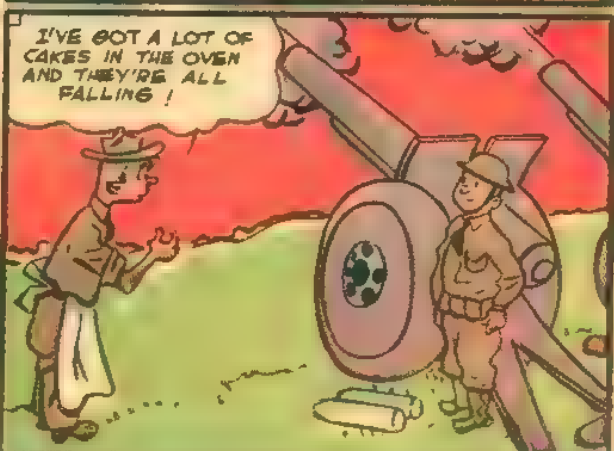
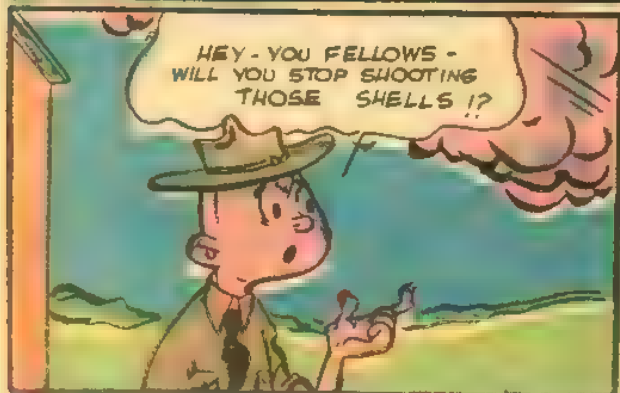
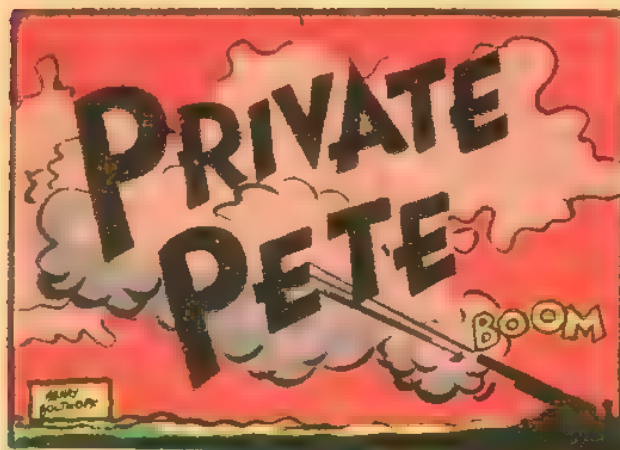
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BLACK PIRATE and MINUTE MOVIES!**



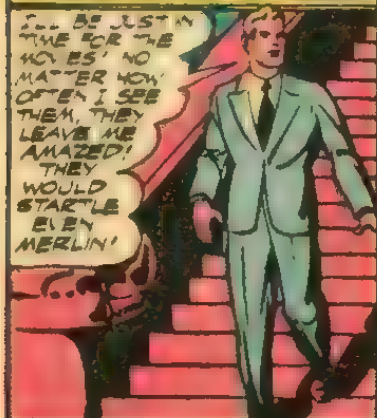
THE SHINING KNIGHT



FROM OUT OF THE PAST HE
CAME SHINING CHAMPION,
ARMED WITH A MAGIC
SWORD AND SHEATHED
IN ENCHANTED GOLDEN
ARMOR-- OUT OF THE
PAST TO HELP THE IN-
NOCENT AND BRING THE
GUILTY TO JUSTICE! NO
ENEMY DAUNTED HIM, NO
DANGER CAUSED HIS
DARING HEART TO QUAIL--
UNTIL TO HIS DISMAY HE
MET AN OPPONENT BE-
FORE WHOM HIS BRAVE
SPRITS LOST THEIR COURAGE!
AND FOR ONCE THE SHINING
KNIGHT FOUND HIMSELF
IN NEED OF HELP AS HE
DESPERATELY FACED A
FOE WHO ALMOST GAVE...

**"CHECKMATE
TO
CHIVALRY!"**

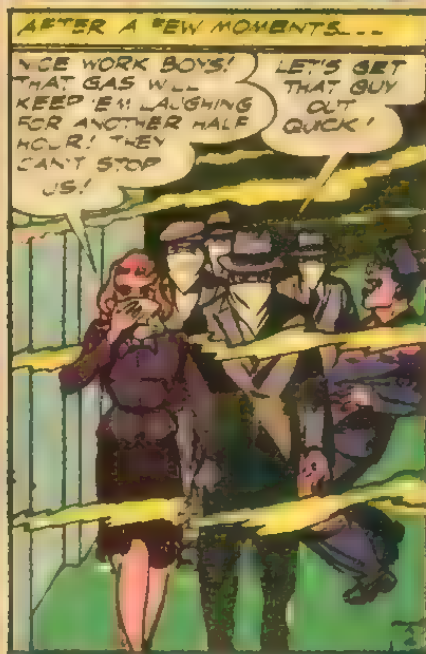
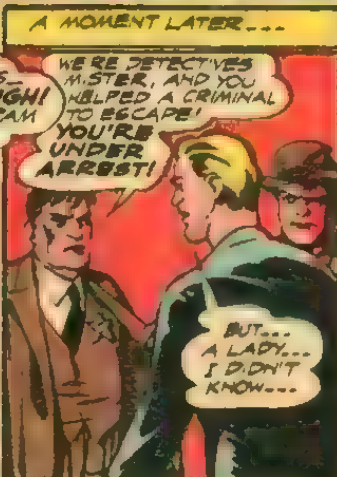
EARLY ONE EVENING THE SHINING KNIGHT WAS GLAD AS JUSTIN, ASS STANT TO PROFESSOR ADORESSY, LEAVES THE MUSEUM...

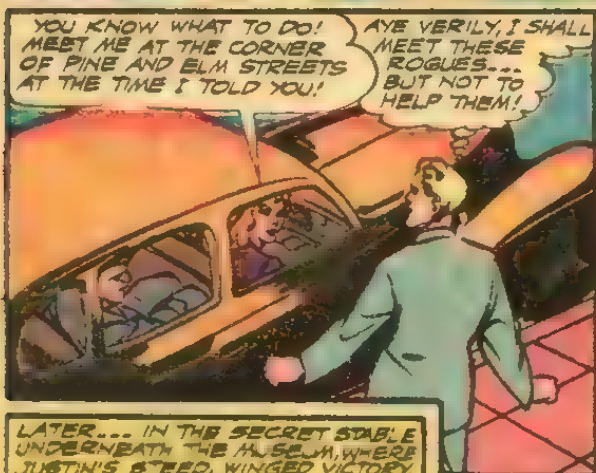
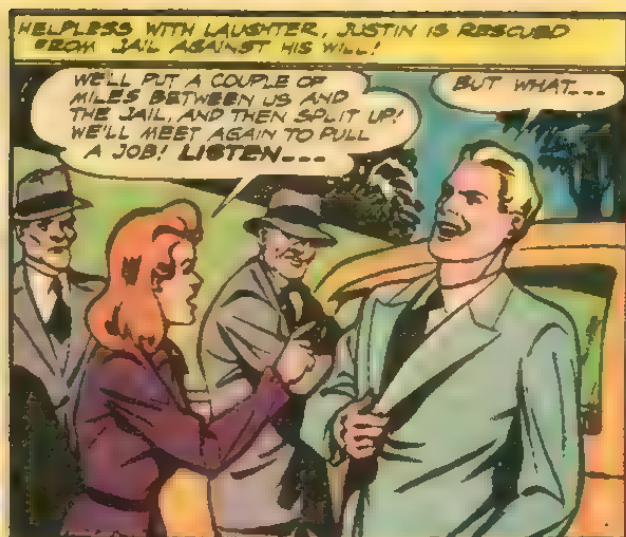


AS JUSTIN LEAVES THE MUSEUM BEHIND...



BEFORE THE MEN CAN REALIZE JUSTIN'S INTENTIONS, THEY ARE FLAILED BY FLASHING PISTS!





LATER... IN THE SECRET STABLE UNDERNEATH THE MUSEUM, WHERE JUSTIN'S STEED, WINGED VICTORY, IS HIDDEN...



AS JUSTIN FORMS PLANS TO TRAP THE THIEVES...

I WILL PRETEND TO TAKE PART IN THE CRIME... AND THEN TURN THE VARLETS OVER TO THE POLICE!

SHE SEEMS TO KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING! IT'S LUCKY I FOLLOWED HIM!

OKAY, MY HANDSOME KNIGHT! GLAD YOU SHOWED UP!

HANDSOME KNIGHT? CAN SHE SUSPECT WHO I AM?

BUT THE GIRL MOBSTER HAS NO SUSPICION OF JUSTIN'S IDENTITY...

HERE'S HOW WE'RE GONNA WORK THIS THING! YOU, HANDSOME, WATCH OUT FOR THE COPS...

AH, HANDSOME... IT WAS BUT A PRETTY PHRASE. SHE SUSPECTS ME NOT!

JUSTIN PRETENDS TO CARRY OUT HIS SHARE OF THE PLAN, WHILE THE GIRL...

HELP! HELP! PARKER CABLE THE MOVIE STAR LIVES HERE! HE'S ALWAYS RESCUING GIRLS IN THE MOVIES... NOW HE'LL RESCUE ME!

WHAT'S WRONG, PERCY?

SHE SEEMS TO HAVE COLLAPSED, SIR!

HELP!

WE'LL MAKE HER COMFORTABLE AND CALL A DOCTOR!

YES, SIR!

EVERYTHING'S GOING EXACTLY AS I PLANNED!

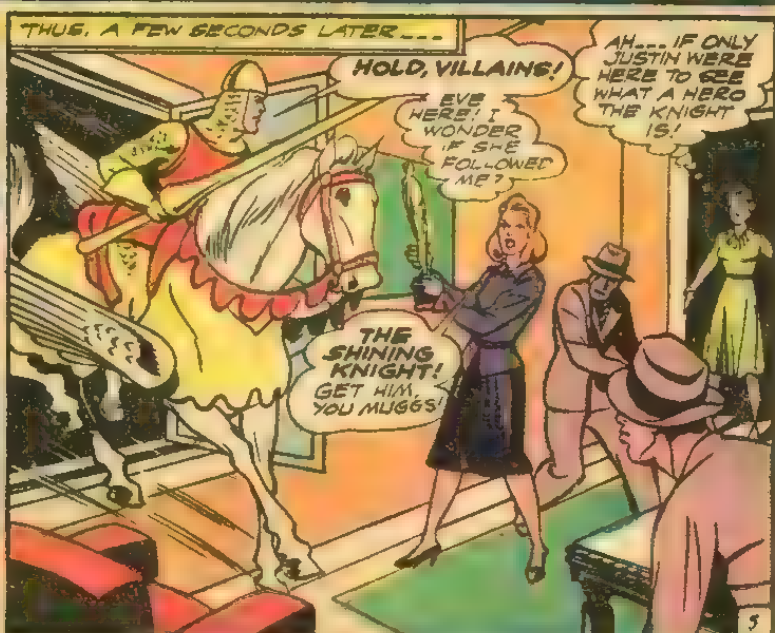
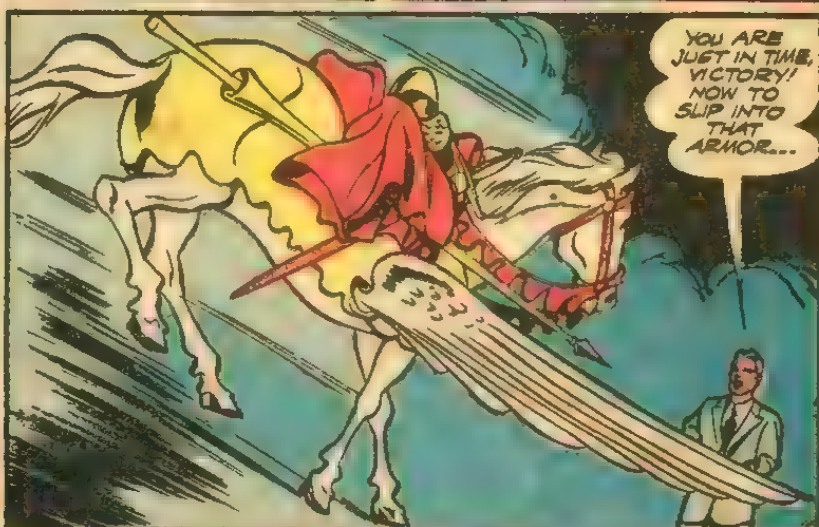
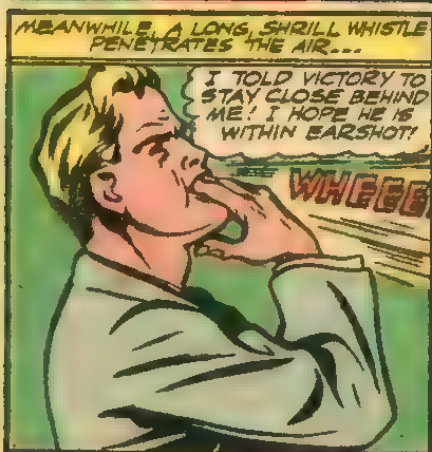
THAT STATUETTE IS A GOLD OSCAR A PRIZE FOR GOOD ACTING! SOON IT WILL BE MINE... CABLE WILL PAY PLENTY TO GET IT BACK!

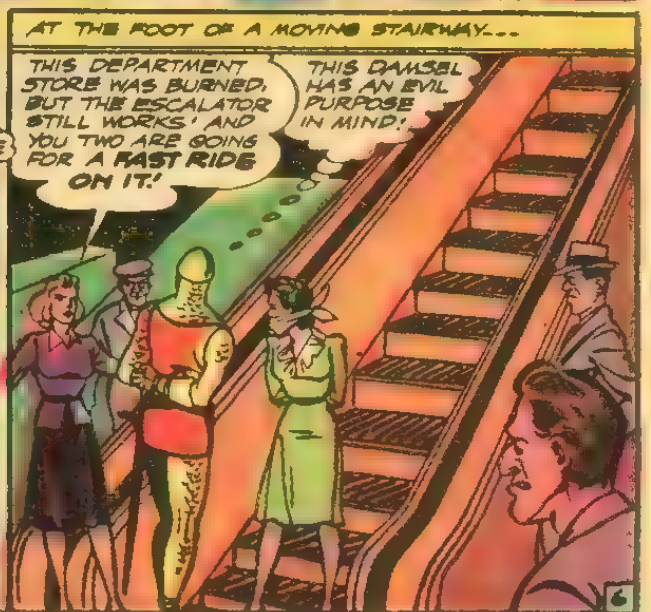
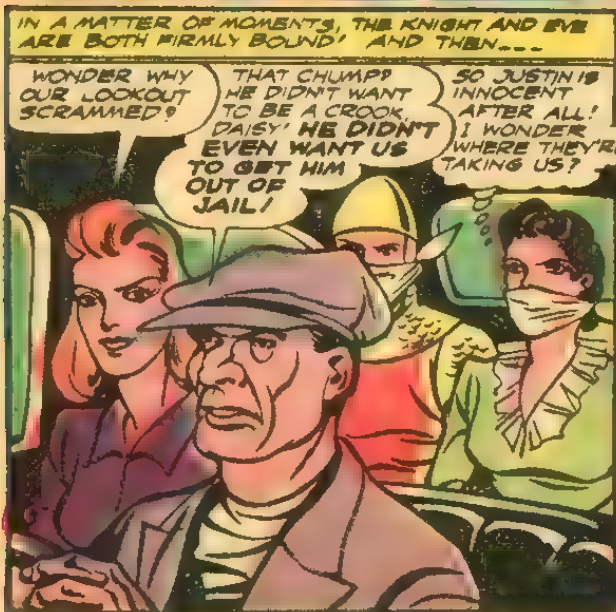
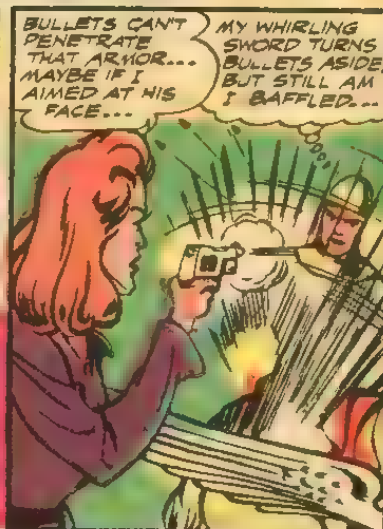
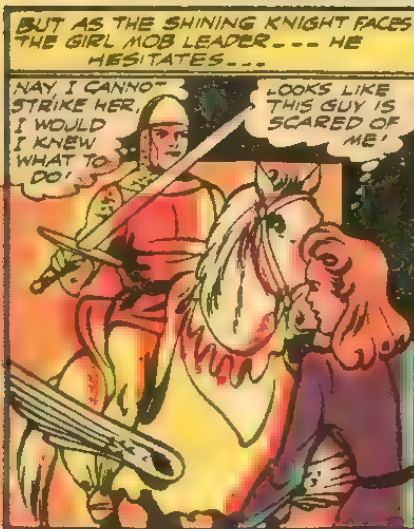
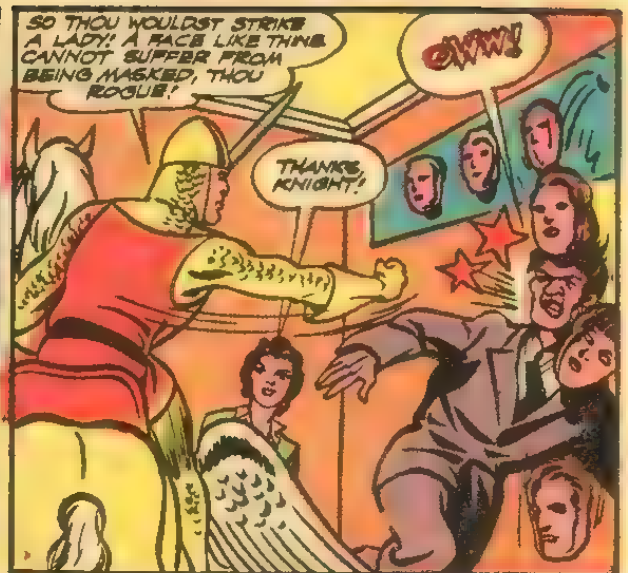
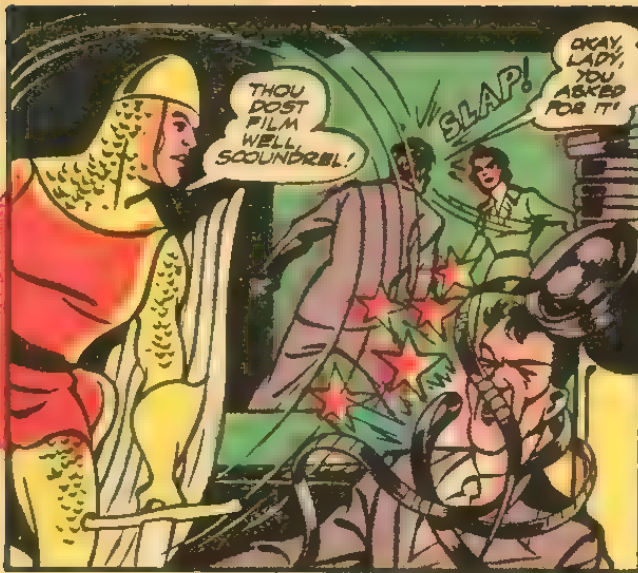
WATER! WATER!

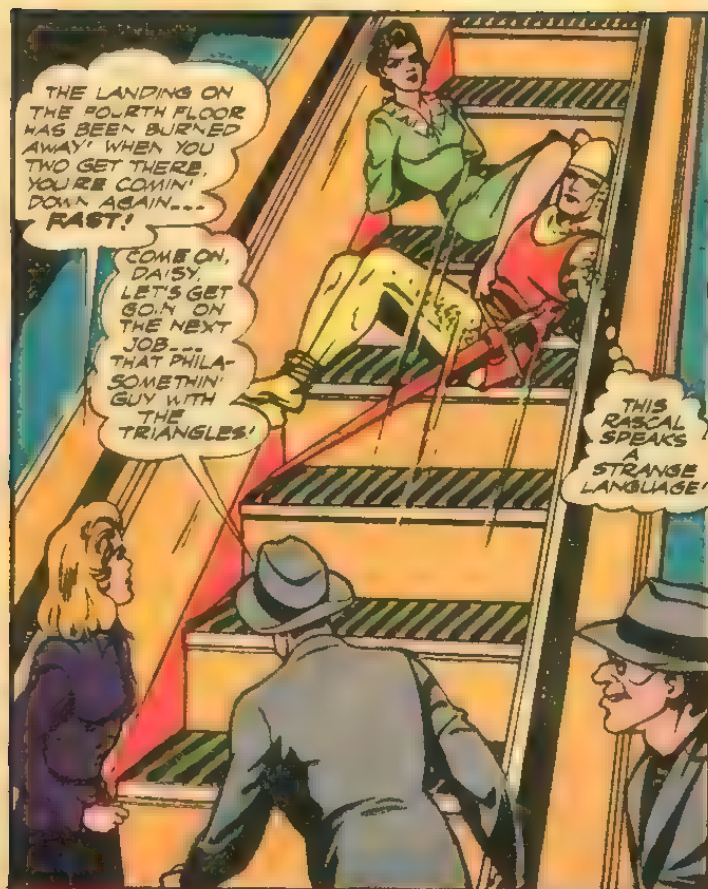
I'LL GET SOME RIGHT AWAY!

BUT AS THE IDOL OF THE FILMS LEAVES THE ROOM...

I'LL JUST UNLOCK THESE WINDOWS, SO THE BOYS CAN GET IN!







THE LANDING ON THE FOURTH FLOOR HAS BEEN BURNED AWAY! WHEN YOU TWO GET THERE, YOU'RE COMIN' DOWN AGAIN... FAST!

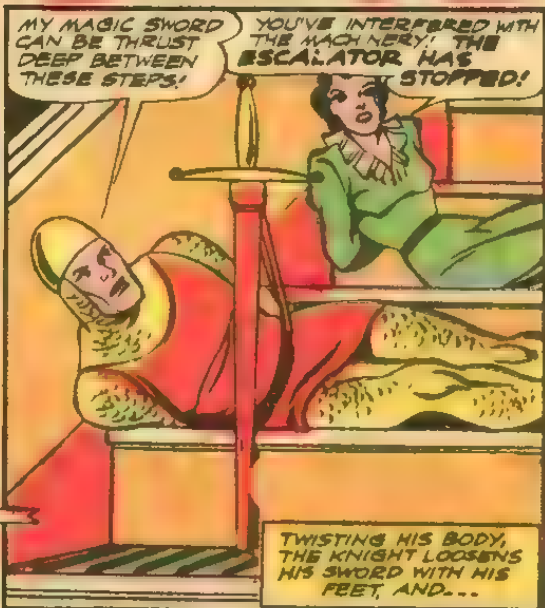
COME ON, DAISY, LET'S GET GOIN' ON THE NEXT JOB... THAT PHILASOMETHIN' GUY WITH THE TRIANGLES!

THIS RASCAL SPEAKS A STRANGE LANGUAGE!



THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END FOR US, KNIGHT!

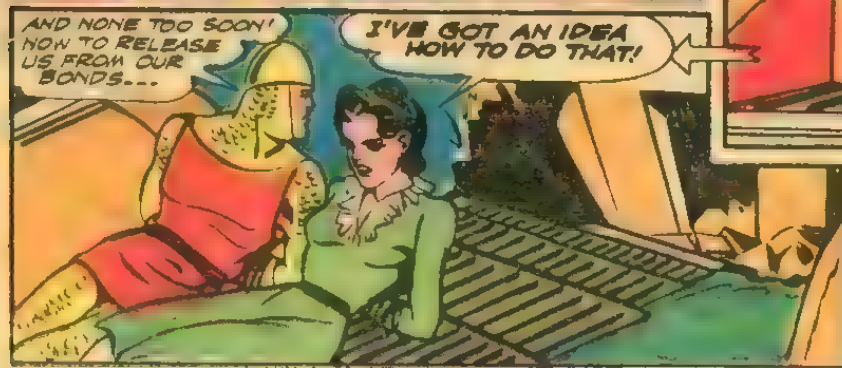
SAY NOT SO, FAIR MAID! WHILE THERE YET IS LIFE, THERE IS HOPE! LET ME SEE...



MY MAGIC SWORD CAN BE THRUST DEEP BETWEEN THESE STEPS!

YOU'VE INTERFERED WITH THE MACHINERY! THE ESCALATOR HAS STOPPED!

TWISTING HIS BODY, THE KNIGHT LOOSENS HIS SWORD WITH HIS FEET, AND...

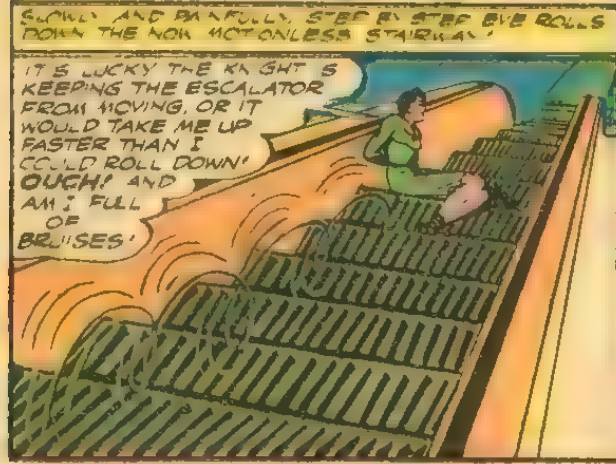


AND NONE TOO SOON! NOW TO RELEASE US FROM OUR BONDS...

I'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO DO THAT!



WITH DEFT MOTIONS, SHE CUTS HER BONDS WITH THE WIRE'S SHARP EDGES...

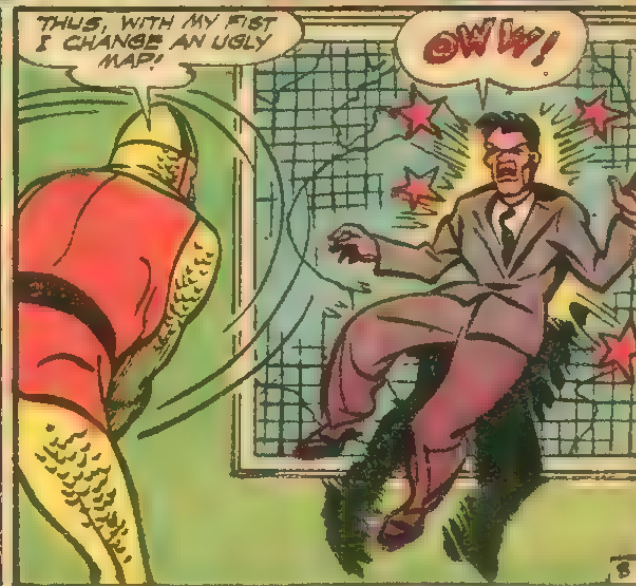
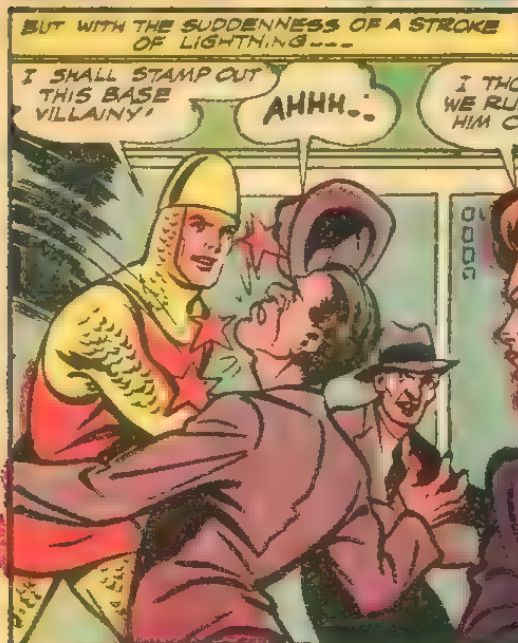
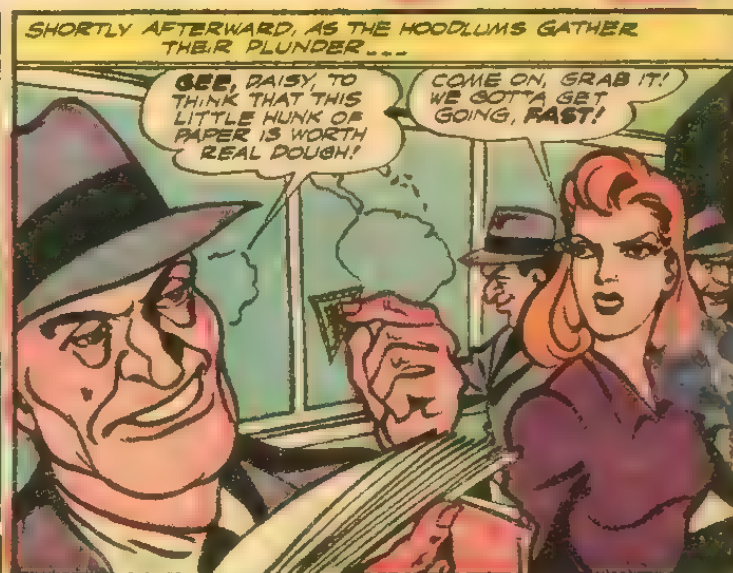
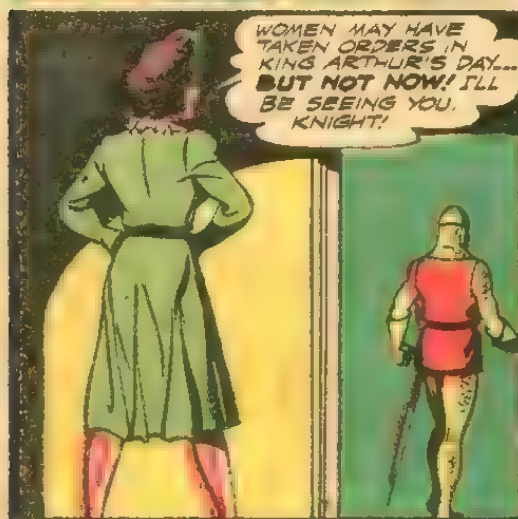
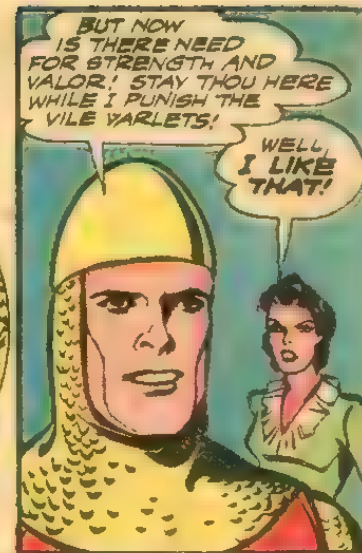


SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY, STEP BY STEP SHE ROLLS DOWN THE NOW MOTIONLESS STAIRWAY!

IT IS LUCKY THE KNIGHT IS KEEPING THE ESCALATOR FROM MOVING, OR IT WOULD TAKE ME UP FASTER THAN I COULD ROLL DOWN! OUCH! AND AM I FULL OF BRUISES!

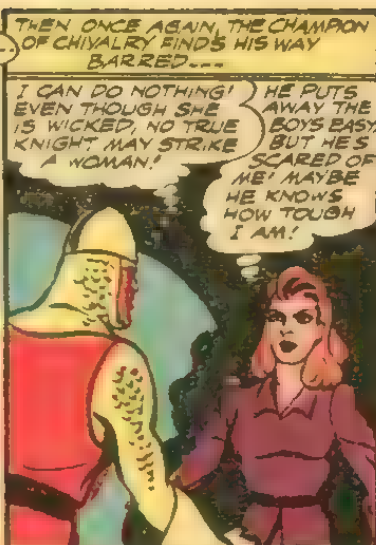


I DON'T THINK MUCH OF DUMMIES BUT THIS ONE COMES IN HANDY!





A TRIANGLE IS ALSO A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT... AND THIS ONE MAKES SWEET MUSIC!



I CAN DO NOTHING! EVEN THOUGH SHE IS WICKED, NO TRUE KNIGHT MAY STRIKE A WOMAN!

HE PUTS AWAY THE BOYS EASY, BUT HE'S SCARED OF ME! MAYBE HE KNOWS HOW TOUGH I AM!



BUT THIS TIME, AS THE KNIGHT HESITATES...

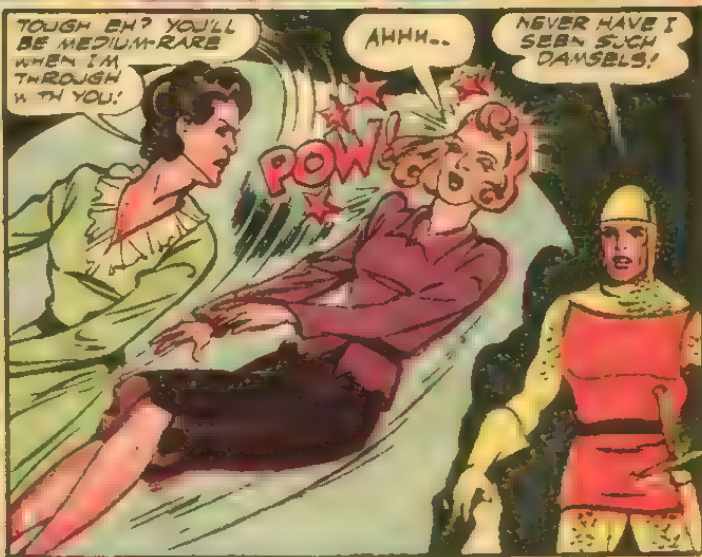
MAYBE THE KNIGHT CAN'T HIT A WOMAN... BUT I CAN!

EVE! I TOLD THEM TO STAY AWAY!



MIND IF I PUT A WAVE IN YOUR HAIR?

OUCH! LET GO!



TOUGH EH? YOU'LL BE MEDIUM-RARE WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

POW!

NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH DAMELS!



AS EVE SOLVES THE KNIGHT'S PROBLEM, HE DISPOSES OF THE REMAINING THUGS 'N SHORT ORDER!

YOU CERTAINLY WIPED UP THE FLOOR WITH THEM, KNIGHT!

NOT I ALONE! GOOD FORTUNE SENT ME A BRAVE HELPER!

IT WAS JUST THE WOMAN'S TOUCH!



LATER AS JUSTIN IS BROUGHT BEFORE A JUDGE...

HE ISN'T GUILTY, YOUR HONOR! HE'S JUST AN INNOCENT VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES!

WELL, SINCE THE SHINING KNIGHT ROUNDED UP THE GANG, I'LL LET HIM GO! YOU OWE A GREAT DEAL TO THE SHINING KNIGHT YOUNG MAN!

MORE THAN YOU KNOW, YOUR HONOR!

THE CHAMPION OF CHIVALRY'S SHINING SWORD AND FLASHING LANCE CUT THEIR WAY THROUGH AN ENTANGLING WEB OF INTRIGUE TO BRING AN AMAZING ROGUE TO JUSTICE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **ADVENTURE COMICS!**



STAMPS

by Sidney M. Elias



San Martin

JUST like the other great liberators of South America, Jose San Martin deserves a place in history for his efforts in bringing about the freedom of Argentina, Chile and Peru. San Martin was born in South America in 1778, the son of a captain in the Spanish army. When San Martin became of age, he was sent to a military school in Madrid. He distinguished himself in the battle against the Moors and later against Napoleon and emerged as a lieutenant-colonel. When the Buenos Aires government decided to seek liberation from Spain

When the time was ripe they re-crossed the high Andes and by clever manoeuvres defeated the Spaniards at Chacabuco.

By this victory and the success at Maipo, the independence of Chile was secured. In 1820, San Martin with the aid of a fleet entered Lima, Peru and proclaimed the independence of the country with himself as Protector. Embarrassed by jealousy of the Peruvian patriots and leaders because he took over the reigns of the government, San Martin resigned and left the work of cleaning up the Spaniards to Simon Bolivar who came down from the north with his forces. San Martin then returned to Chile and later to Argentina and was compelled to live abroad in France because of political jealousies of rival factions. While abroad, he lived in poverty and died in 1850, a poor man.



San Martin

he offered them his services and was appointed the command of an army fighting the Spaniards in Upper Peru. He realized that this was poor strategy for it was futile to fight in Upper Peru as long as the Spaniards were undefeated in Chile and Peru. When O'Higgins and his Chilean patriots fled from the Spanish forces across the Andes to Argentina, San Martin joined forces with O'Higgins and together they built up a strong force of Chilean and Argentine soldiers

The memory and deeds of San Martin were not forgotten. Monuments to his memory have been erected in the three countries he helped to liberate, Argentina, Chile and Peru. In addition a good portion of the stamps of Argentina bear his likeness on the designs. On the 100th anniversary of Chilean independence one of the commemorative stamps in this set issued for the event bears a picture of the Chilean monument to San Martin. In Peru, too, a number of stamps have been issued honoring San Martin.

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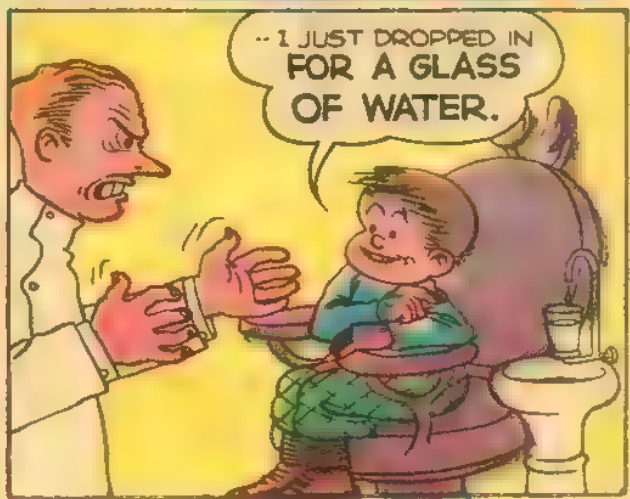
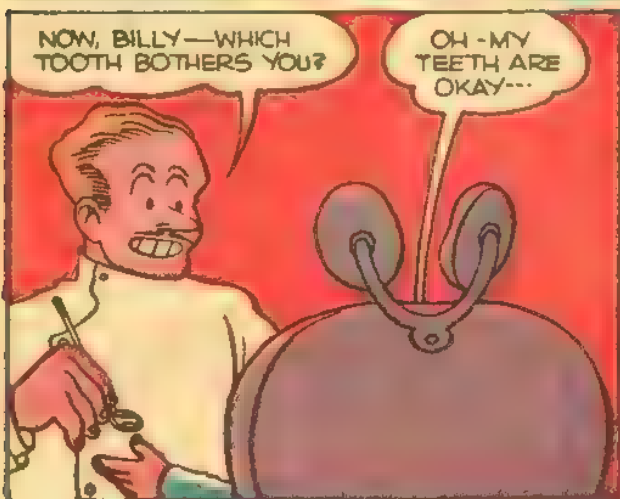
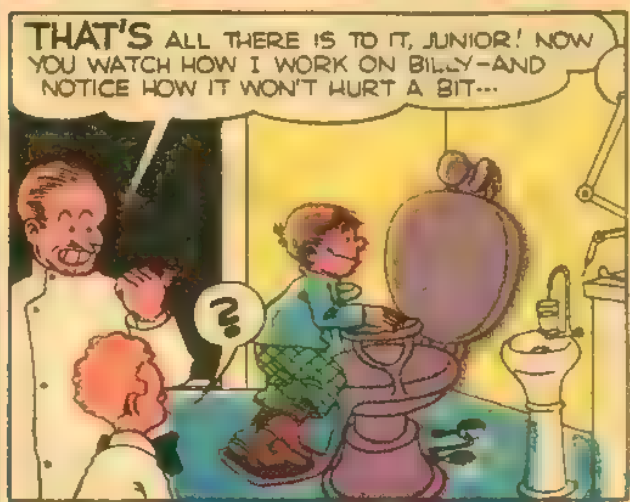
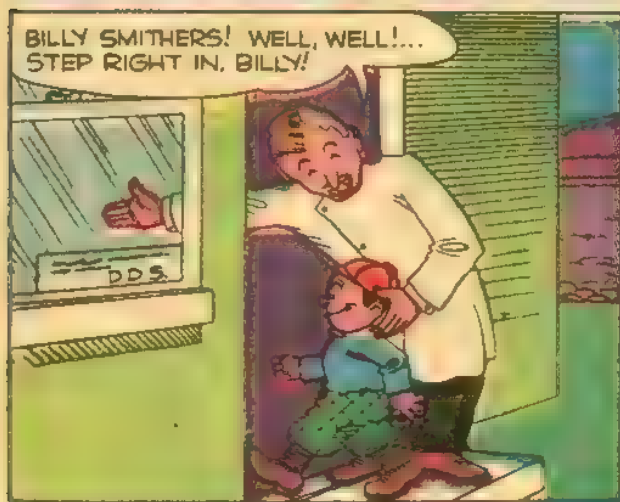
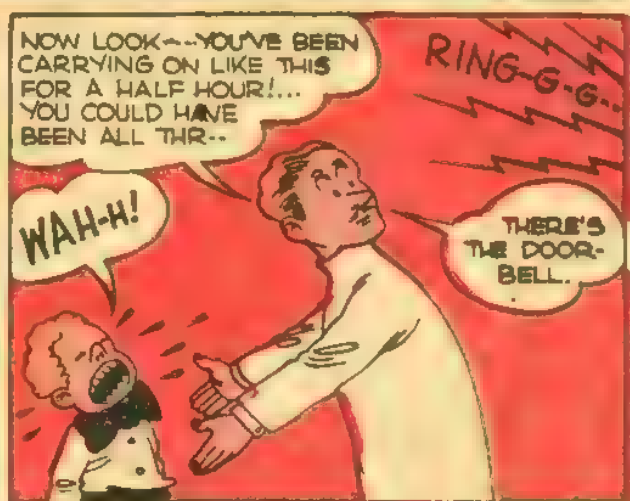
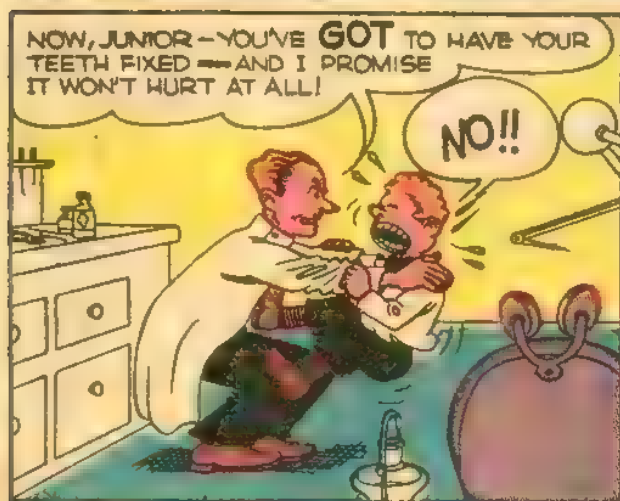
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THIS WON'T HURT

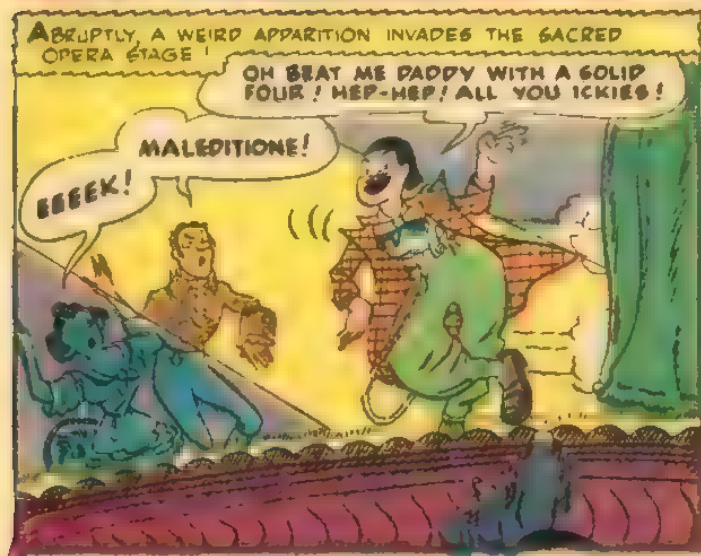
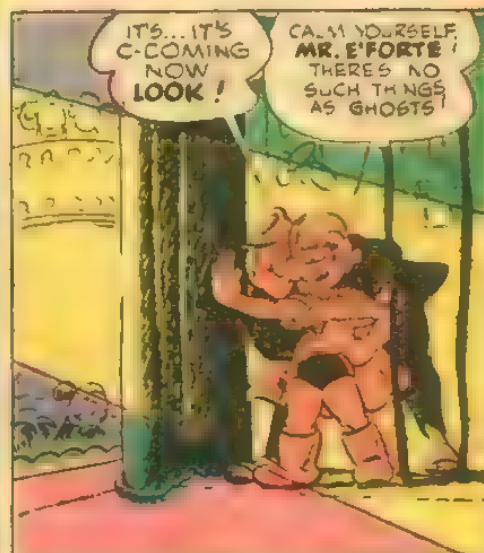
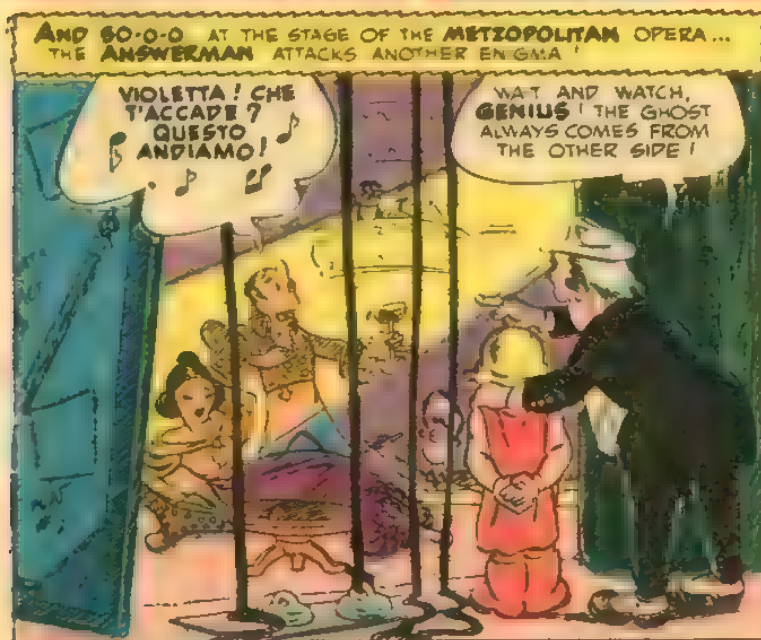
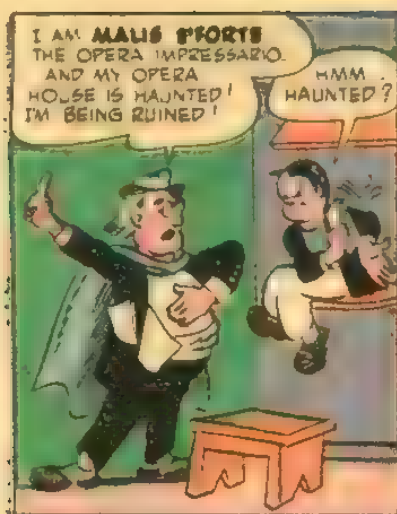


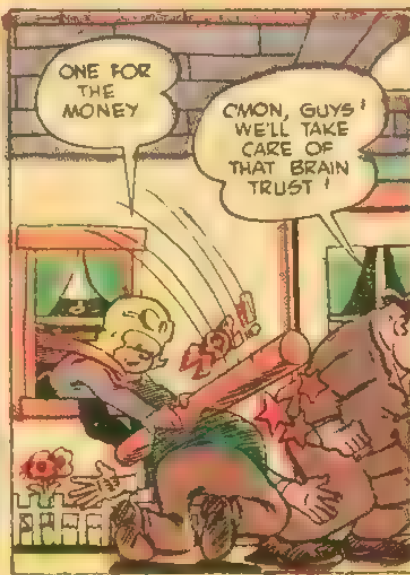
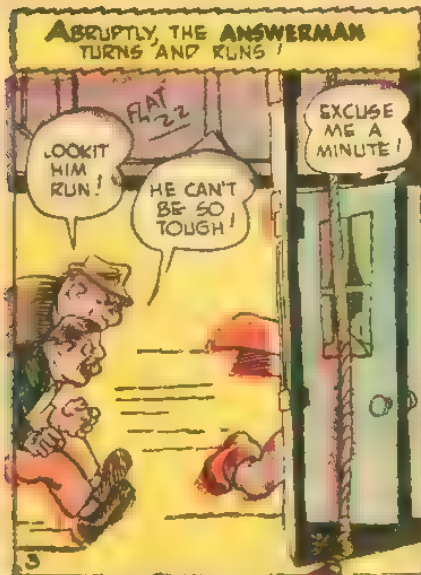
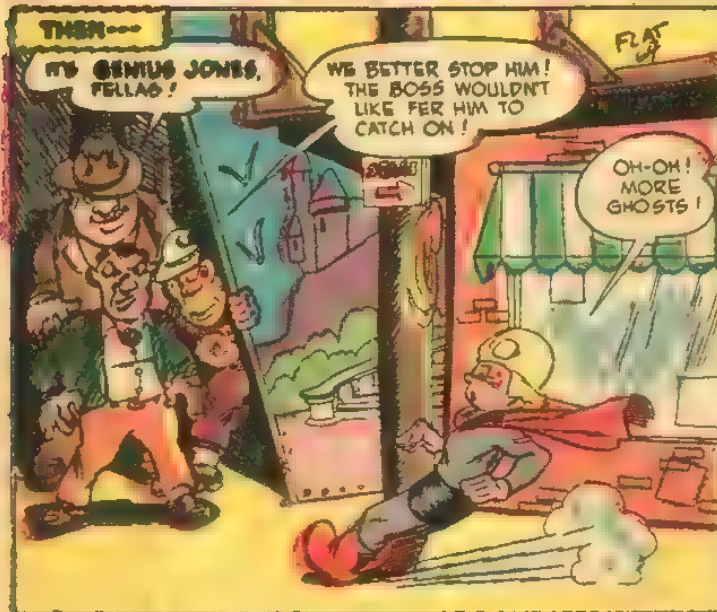
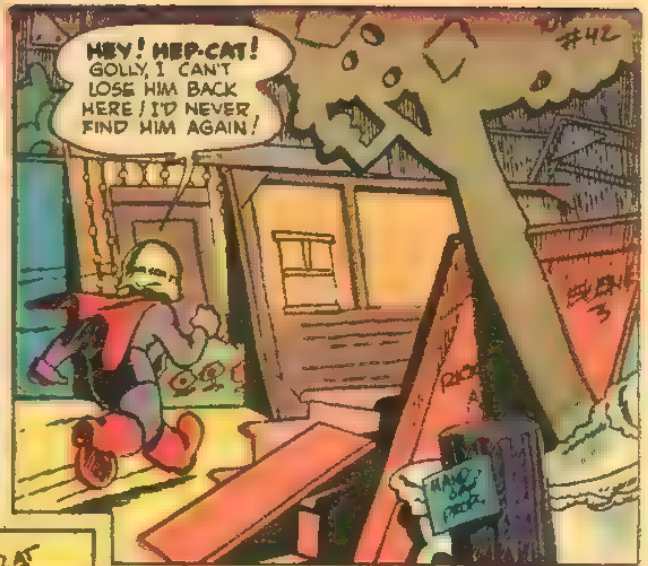
Genius Jones

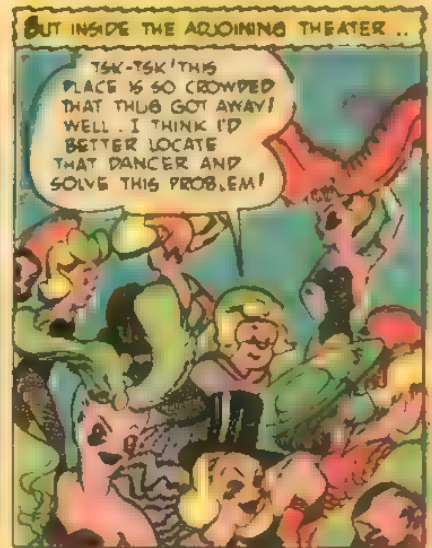
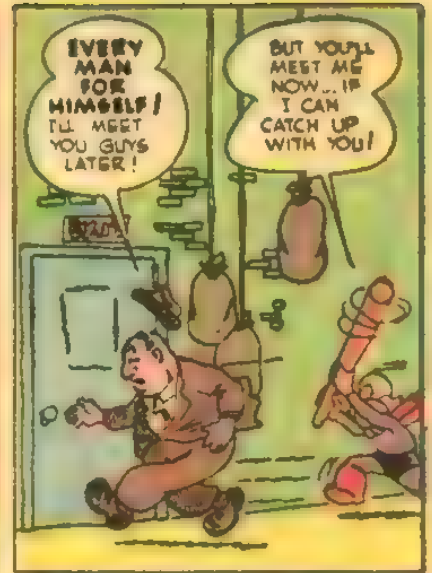
by **SHANKY ALBERT**

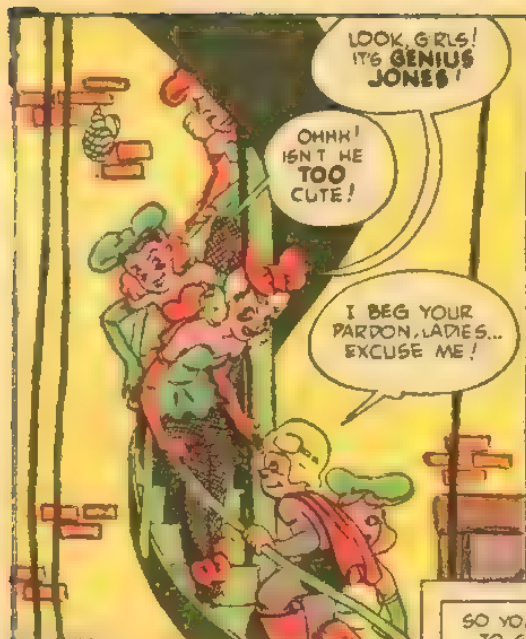
THREE BAD CROOKS...
THREE BAD CROOKS...
SEE HOW THEY RUN...
SEE HOW THEY RUN...
THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE SAFE AND OUT OF SIGHT...
I GOT ON THEIR TRAIL THE OTHER NIGHT...
AND FINISHED THEM OFF IN A CRAZY FIGHT...
THREE BAD CROOKS!







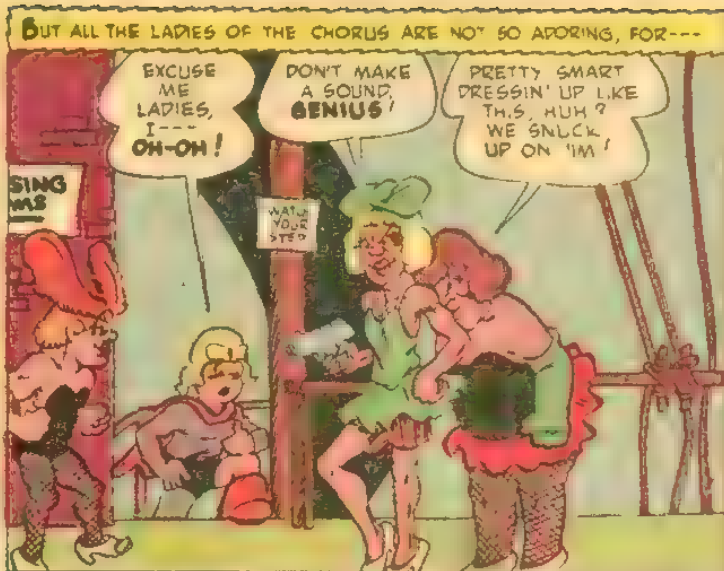




LOOK, GIRLS!
IT'S **GENIUS JONES**!

OHKK!
ISNT HE
TOO
CUTE!

I BEG YOUR
PARDON, LADIES...
EXCUSE ME!



BUT ALL THE LADIES OF THE CHORUS ARE NOT SO ADORING, FOR---

EXCUSE
ME
LADIES,
I---
OH-OH!

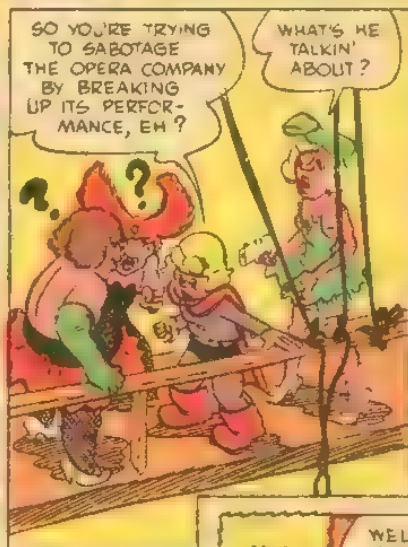
DONT MAKE
A SOUND,
GENIUS!

PRETTY SMART
DRESSIN' UP LIKE
TH.S, HUM?
WE SNLCK
UP ON 'IM!



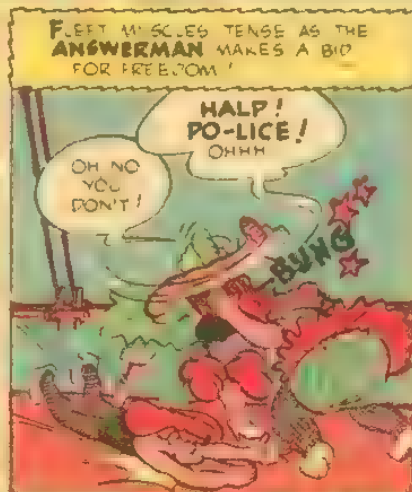
WE GOT
YOU COVERED
GENIUS, SO
DONT TRY
NO FUNNY
STUFF!

THERE'S THE
THEATRE COP!
IF ONLY I COULD
ATTRACT HIS
ATTENTION!
I'VE GOT TO PLAY
FOR TIME



SO YOU'RE TRYING
TO SABOTAGE
THE OPERA COMPANY
BY BREAKING
UP ITS PERFORM-
ANCE, EH?

WHAT'S HE
TALKIN'
ABOUT?



FEET MUSCLES TENSE AS THE
ANSWERMAN MAKES A BID
FOR FREEDOM!

HALP!
PO-LICE!
OHMM

OH NO
YOU
DONT!

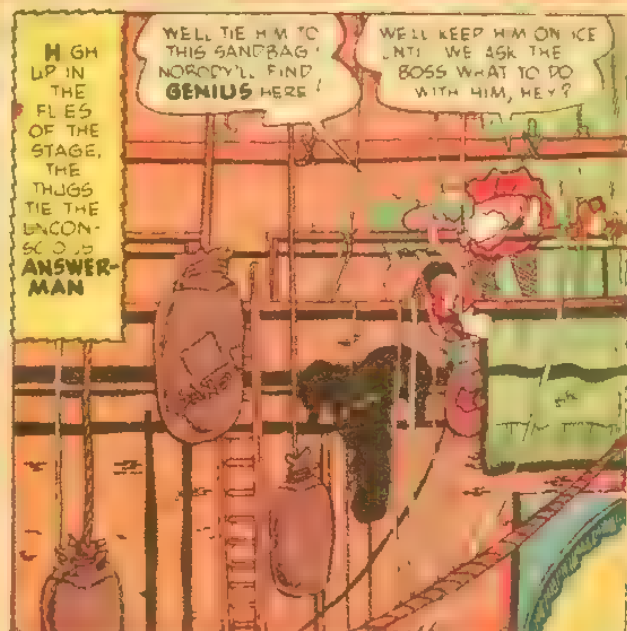
BUNG



HEY!
WHAT'S
GOING
ON
UP
HERE!?

WE'RE ONLY TRYIN'
OUT OUR NEW COMEDY ACT!

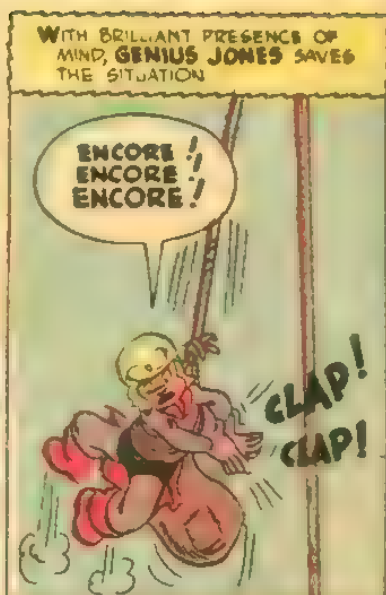
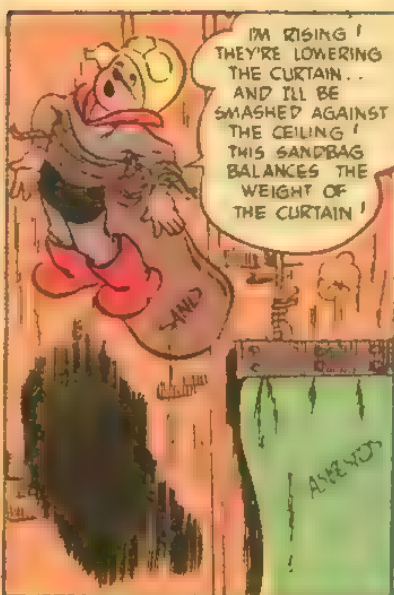
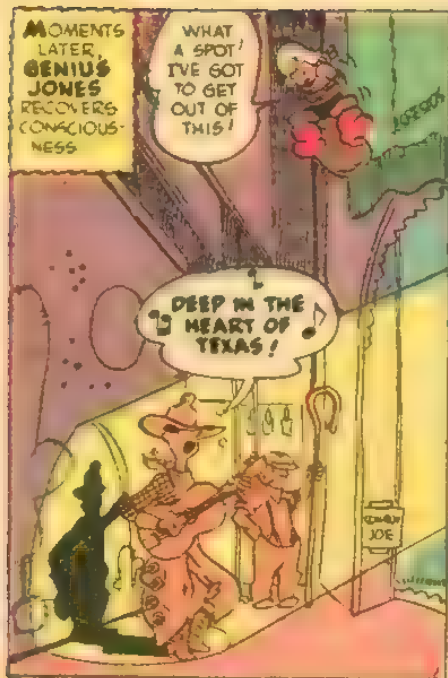
PRETTY
FUNNY
AIN'T IT,
HUM?



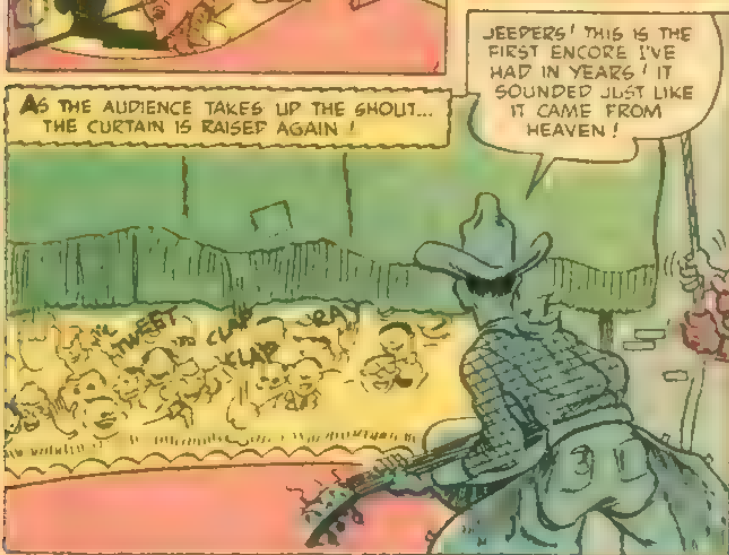
H GH
UP IN
THE
FLES
OF THE
STAGE,
THE
THUGS
TIE THE
UNCON-
SCIOUS
**ANSWER-
MAN**

WE'LL TIE H.M TO
THIS SABBAG
NORODY'L FIND
GENIUS HERE!

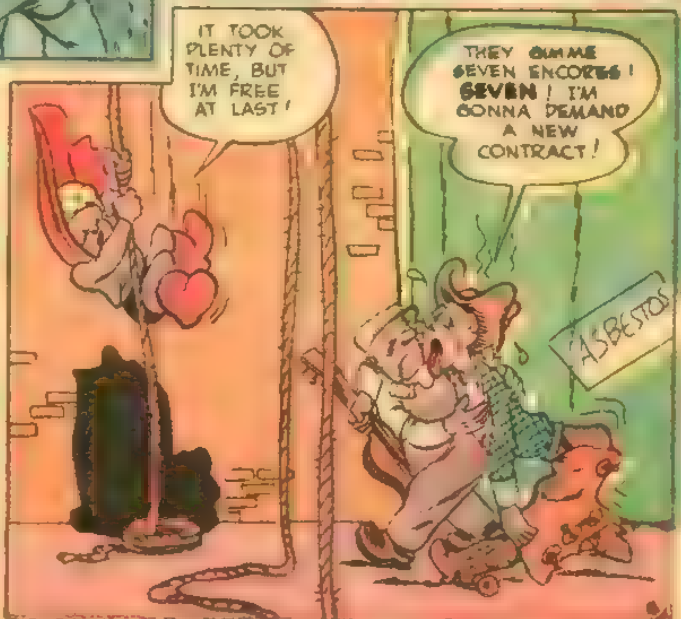
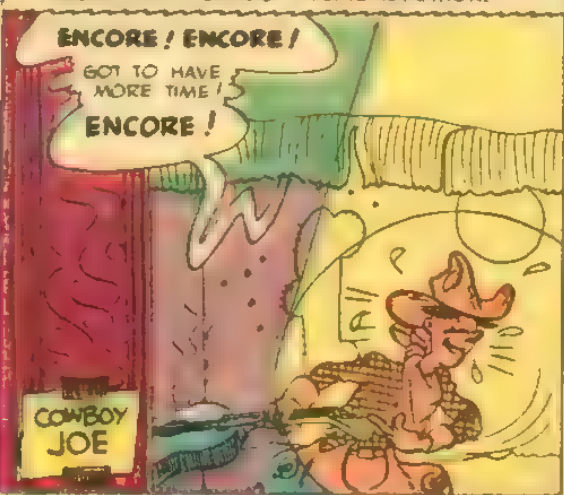
WE'LL KEEP H.M ON ICE
UNTIL WE ASK THE
BOSS WHAT TO DO
WITH HIM, HEY?

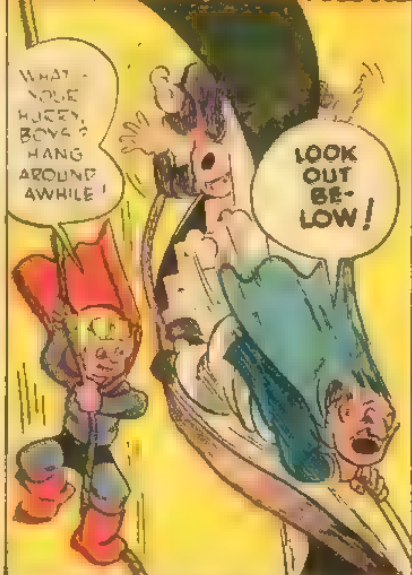
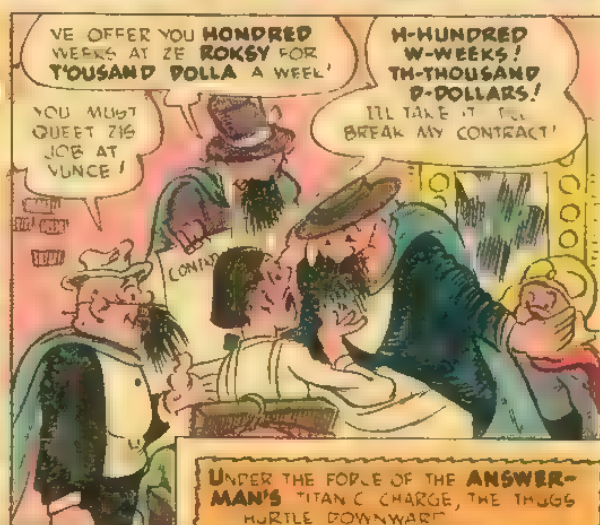
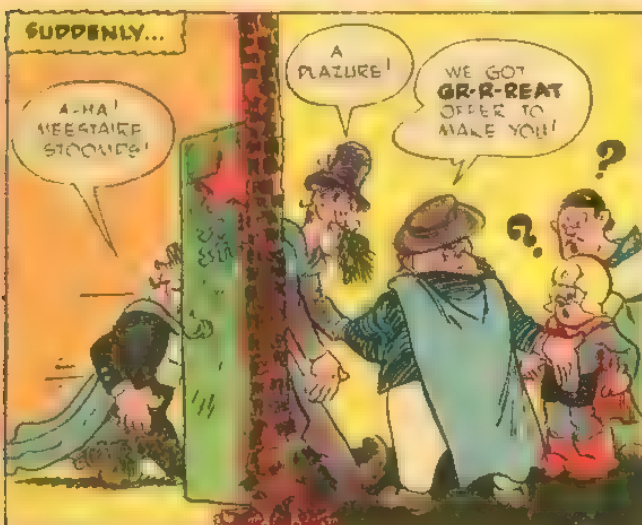
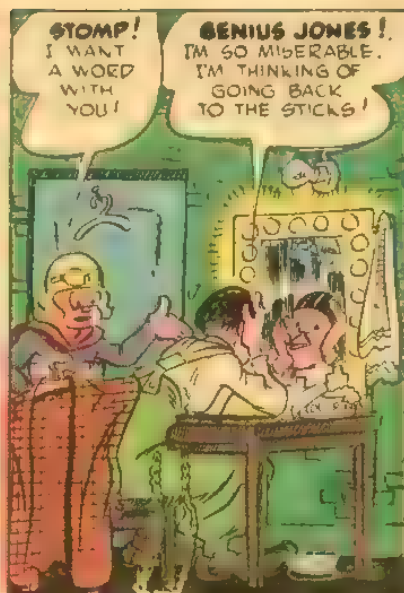
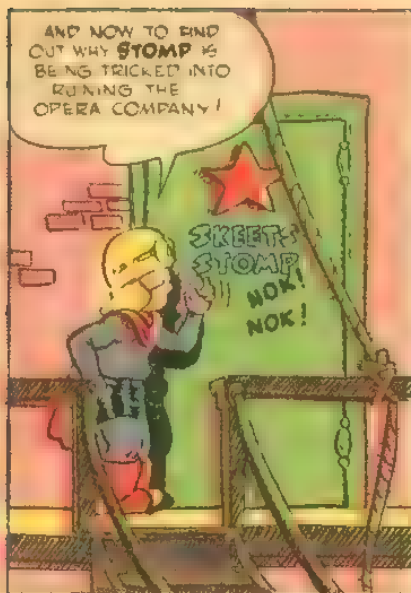


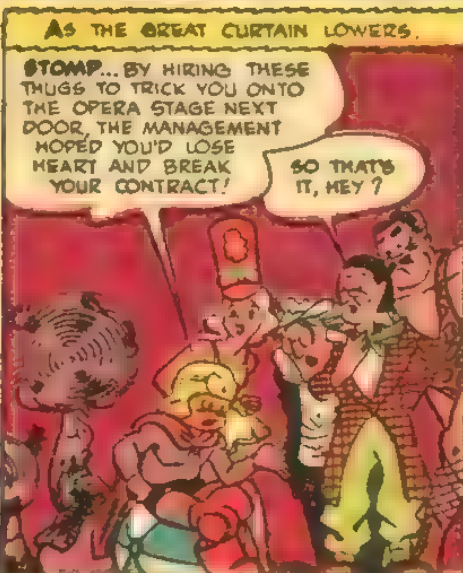
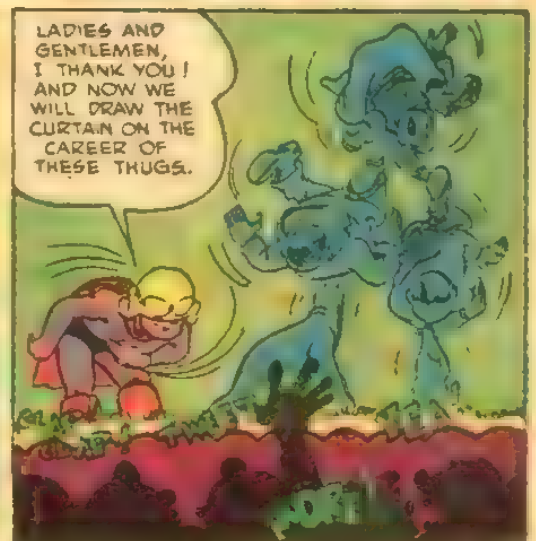
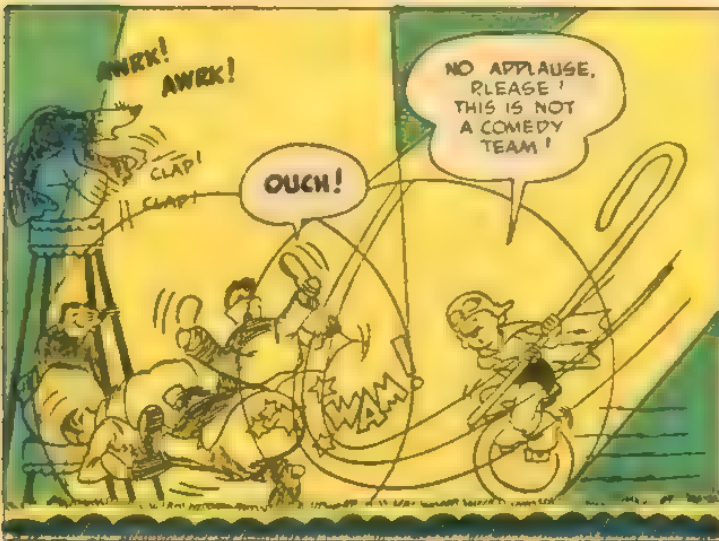
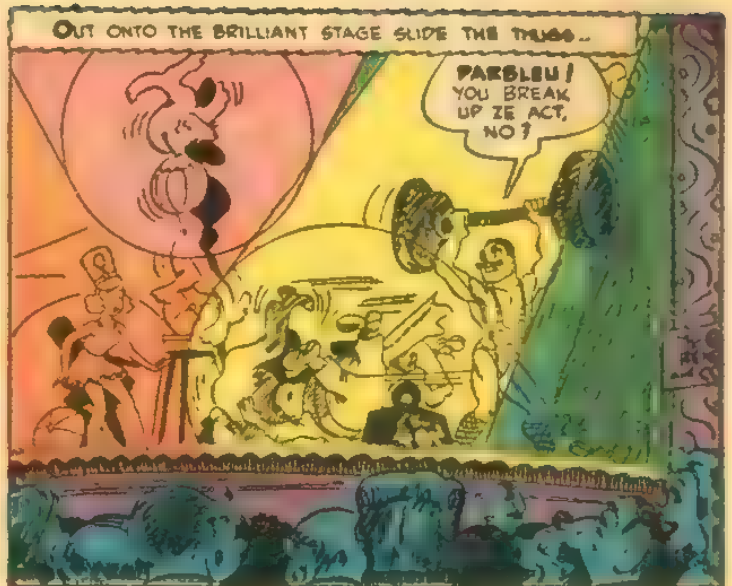
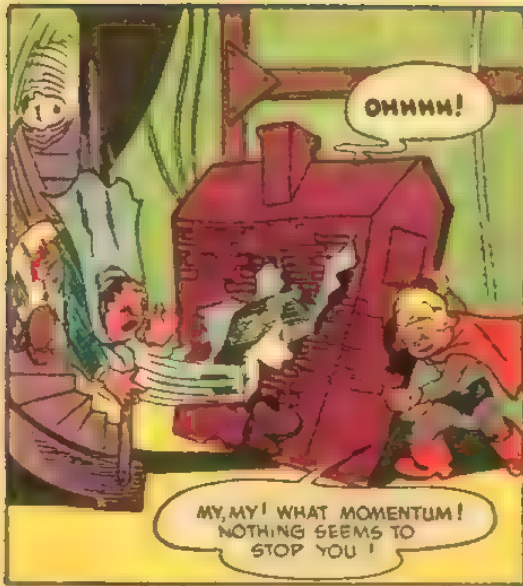
AS THE AUDIENCE TAKES UP THE SHOUT... THE CURTAIN IS RAISED AGAIN!



AS THE SINGER FINISHES, AGAIN THE INVISIBLE VOICE STARTS A DEMONSTRATION.







EXTRA!

HERE'S A BRAND-NEW
MAGAZINE LOADED TO
THE BRIM WITH **ALL-BOY**
FEATURES — JUST AS
YOU LIKE THEM!

**DON'T MISS THIS
FIRST ISSUE**

**ON SALE
NOW!**

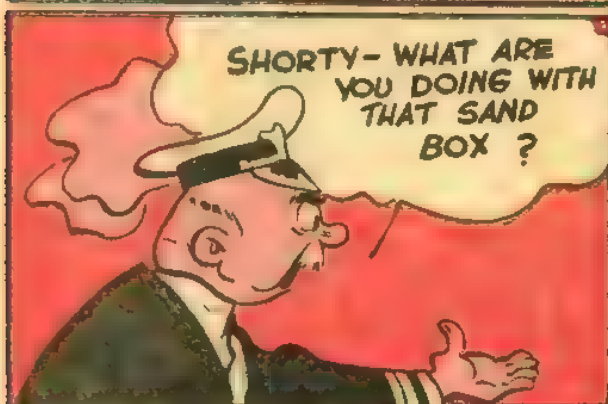
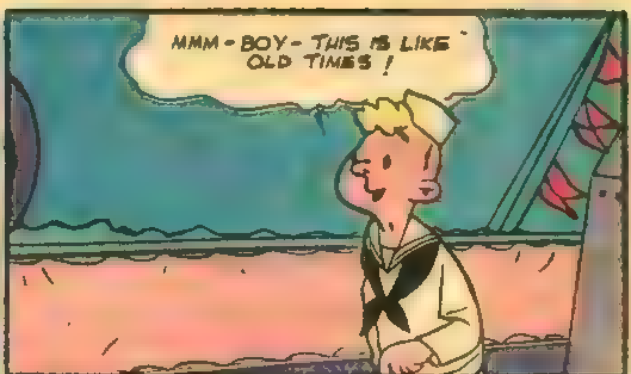
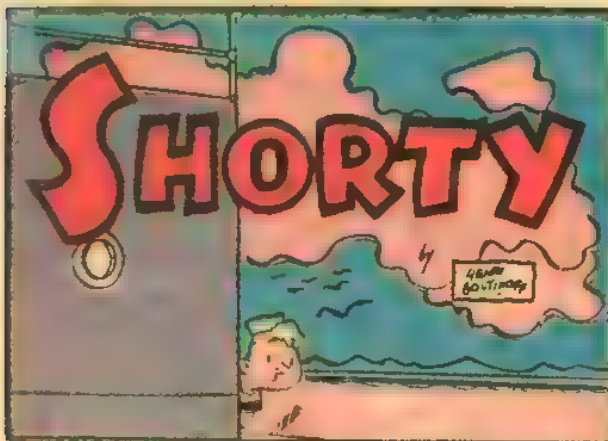
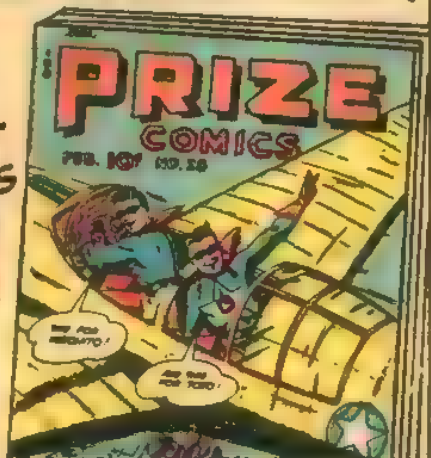
- AND
AN OLD
FAVORITE
- STILL DISHING
OUT PLENTY OF
HIGH-VOLTAGE ACTION!



A FLOCK
OF TOP-FLIGHT
PICTURE-STORIES
-- AND STARRING

YANK AND DOODLE
"AMERICA'S FIGHTING TWINS"

**FEBRUARY ISSUE ON SALE
RIGHT NOW --- AND A NEW
ISSUE EVERY MONTH! GET IT!**



MANHUNTER

PAUL KIRK,
FORMER BIG
GAME HUNTER,
RETURNS TO
AMERICA IN
HER TIME OF
NEED TO TURN
INTO...
MANHUNTER..

...CHAMPION
OF JUSTICE,
AND HUNTER OF
HUMAN HYENAS,
WHOSE CRIME
AND CORRUPTION
THREATEN AN
ENTIRE COUNTRY
.... ONLY TO
FIND HIMSELF
TANGLED IN THE
TRAP OF A
DETECTIVE
OBSESSED WITH
A DESIRE TO
TRACK THE MOST
THRILLING

*JUSTICE WAS
TAKEN FOR A
JOY RIDE!*

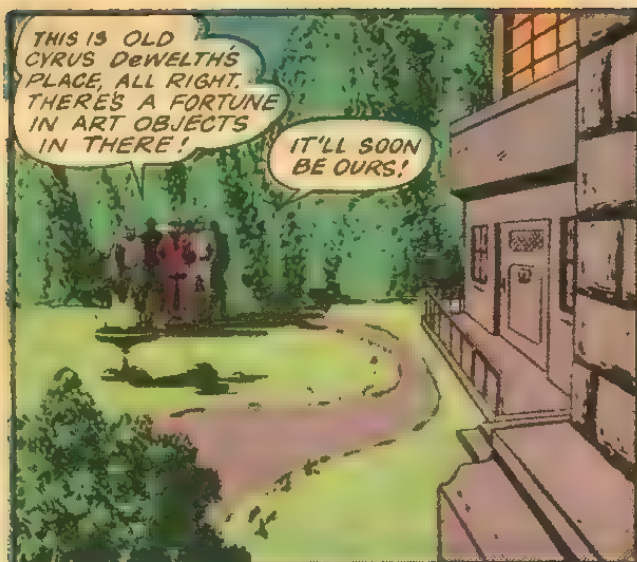


WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
FOR VICTORY



AS
EVENING
FALLS,
THE SHADOWS
OF A SINISTER
CARAVAN
STEAL ACROSS
THE CITY...





THIS IS OLD CYRUS DeWELTH'S PLACE, ALL RIGHT. THERE'S A FORTUNE IN ART OBJECTS IN THERE!

IT'LL SOON BE OURS!



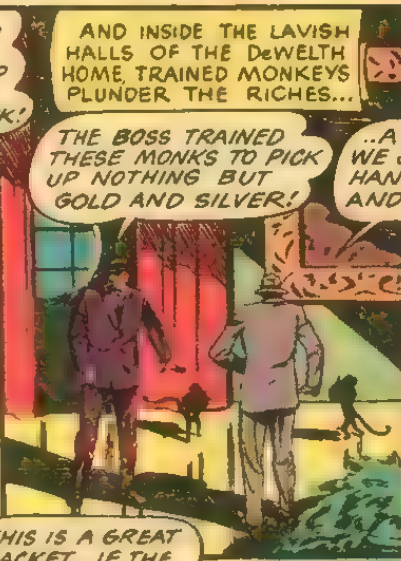
THAT WAS SOME IDEA THE BOSS HAD, TRAINING THESE BIRDS AND ANIMALS FOR CRIME.

IT'S WORKING LIKE MAGIC! LET'S GO!



ONLY... WHY DON'T THE BOSS EVER SHOW UP!? WHY DOES HE JUST SEND US NOTES?

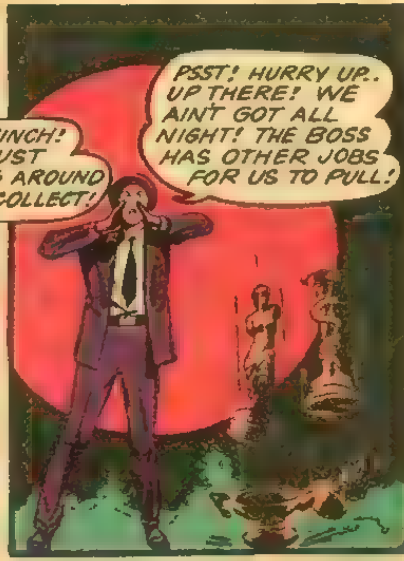
HOW SHOULD I KNOW?.. NOW SHUT UP AND LET'S GET TO WORK!



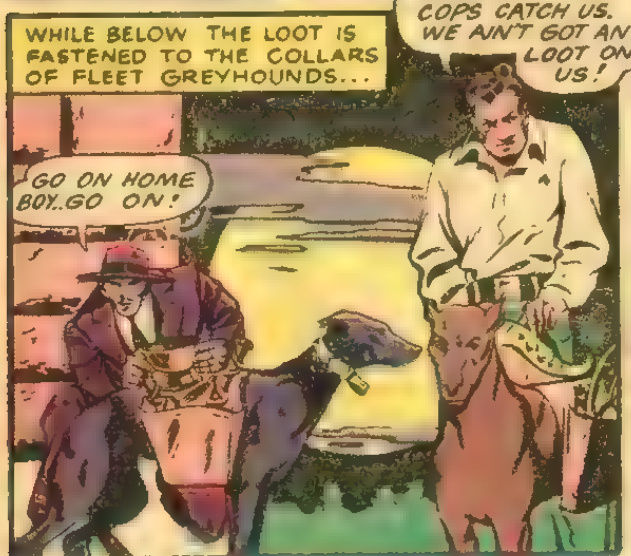
AND INSIDE THE LAVISH HALLS OF THE DeWELTH HOME, TRAINED MONKEYS PLUNDER THE RICHES...

THE BOSS TRAINED THESE MONKS TO PICK UP NOTHING BUT GOLD AND SILVER!

...A CINCH! WE JUST HANG AROUND AND COLLECT!



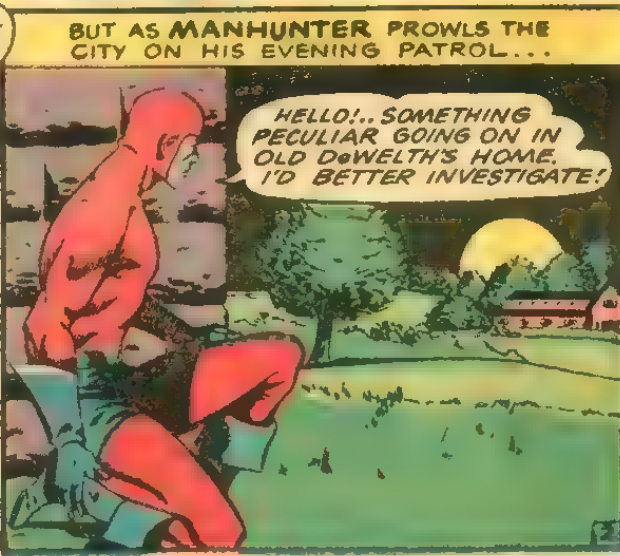
PSST! HURRY UP.. UP THERE! WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT! THE BOSS HAS OTHER JOBS FOR US TO PULL!



WHILE BELOW THE LOOT IS FASTENED TO THE COLLARS OF FLEET GREYHOUNDS...

GO ON HOME BOY.. GO ON!

THIS IS A GREAT RACKET... IF THE COPS CATCH US, WE AIN'T GOT ANY LOOT ON US!



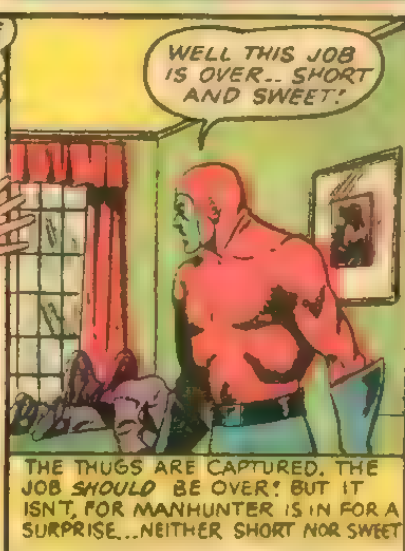
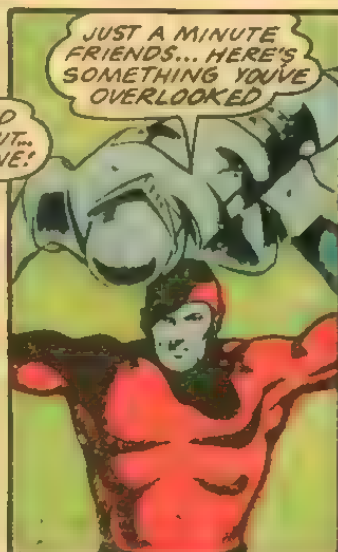
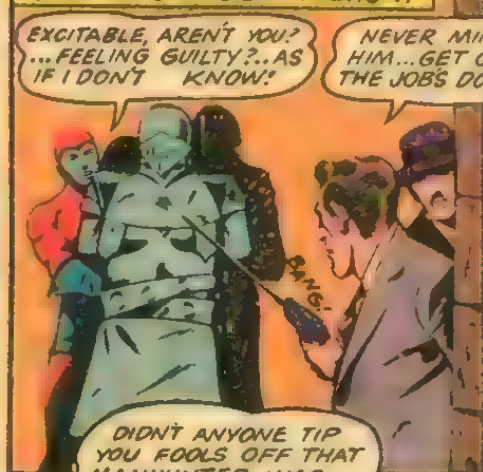
BUT AS MANHUNTER PROWLs THE CITY ON HIS EVENING PATROL...

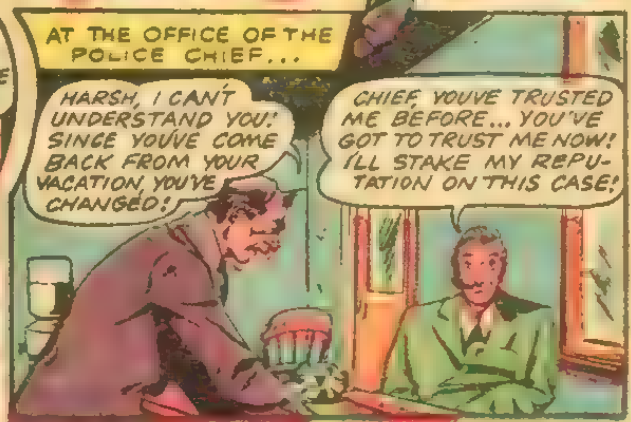
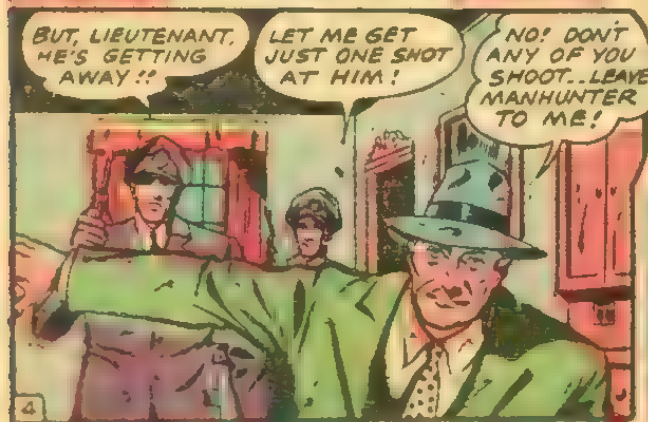
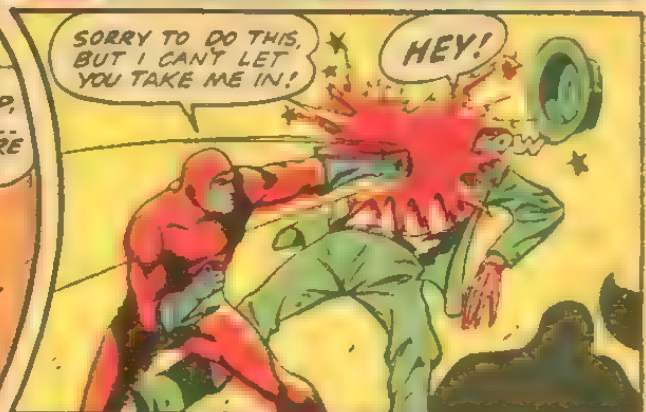
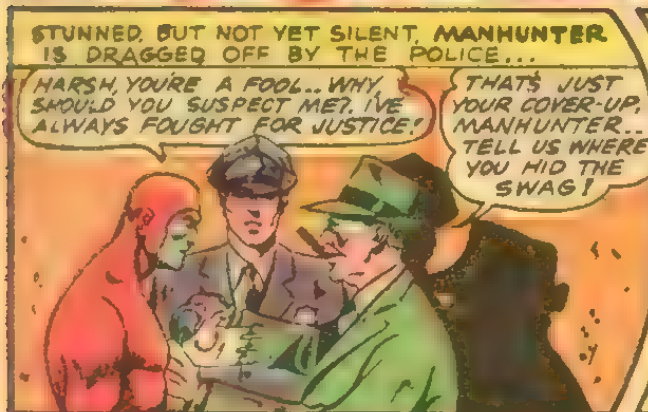
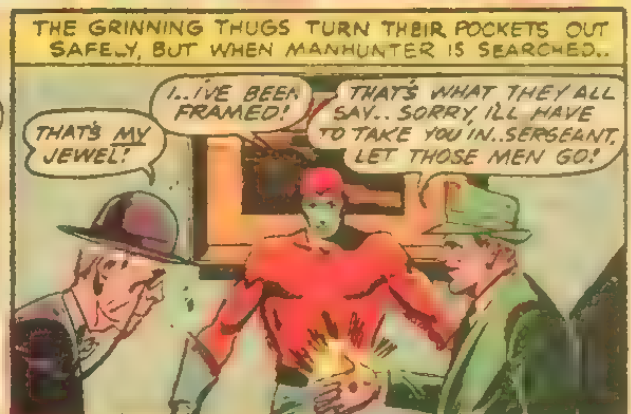
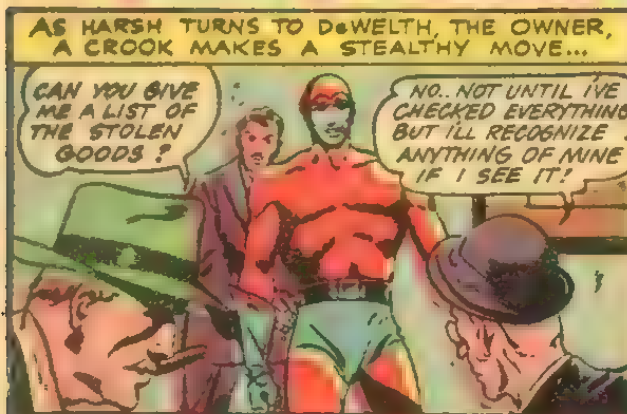
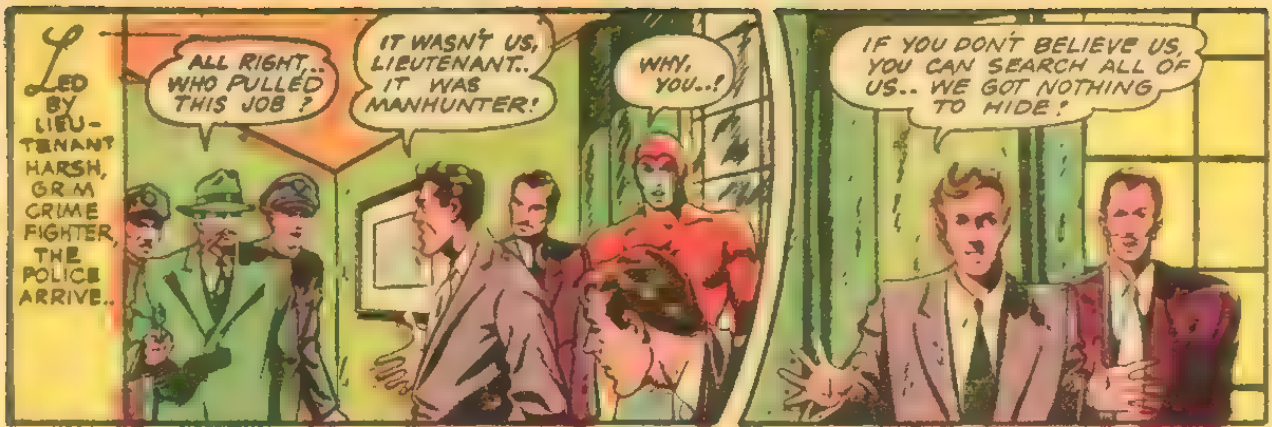
HELLO!.. SOMETHING PECULIAR GOING ON IN OLD DeWELTH'S HOME. I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

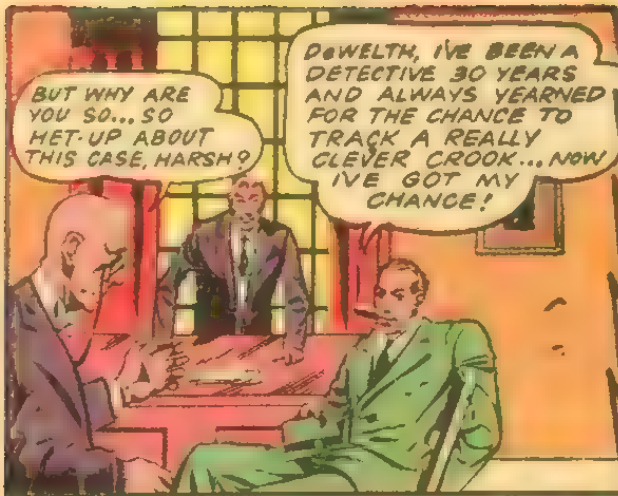
LIKE A JUNGLE CAT, MANHUNTER HURLS HIMSELF IN A LITHE LEAP ACROSS SPACE.



AS MANHUNTER DODGES WITH THE QUICKNESS OF A COBRA, SLUGS WHIP INTO ANCIENT ARMOR!

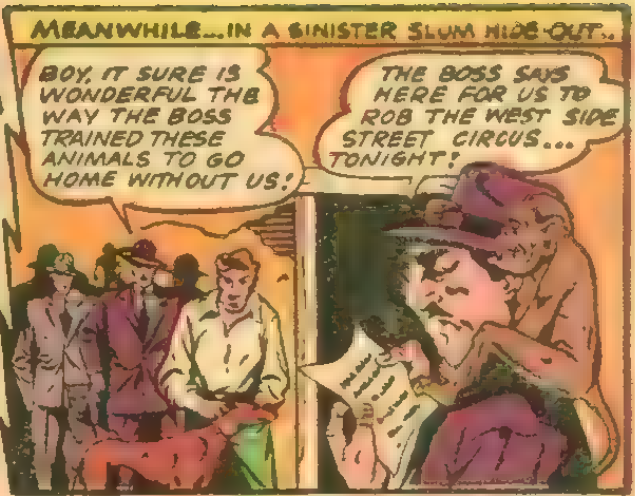






BUT WHY ARE YOU SO... SO HET-UP ABOUT THIS CASE, HARSH?

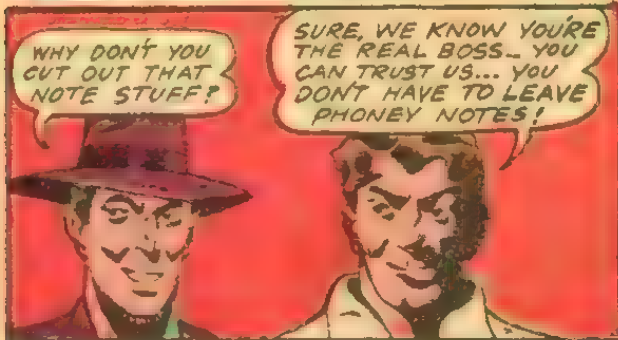
DEWELTH, I'VE BEEN A DETECTIVE 30 YEARS AND ALWAYS YEARNED FOR THE CHANCE TO TRACK A REALLY CLEVER CROOK... NOW I'VE GOT MY CHANCE!



MEANWHILE...IN A SINISTER SLUM HIDE-OUT..

BOY, IT SURE IS WONDERFUL THE WAY THE BOSS TRAINED THESE ANIMALS TO GO HOME WITHOUT US!

THE BOSS SAYS HERE FOR US TO ROB THE WEST SIDE STREET CIRCUS... TONIGHT!



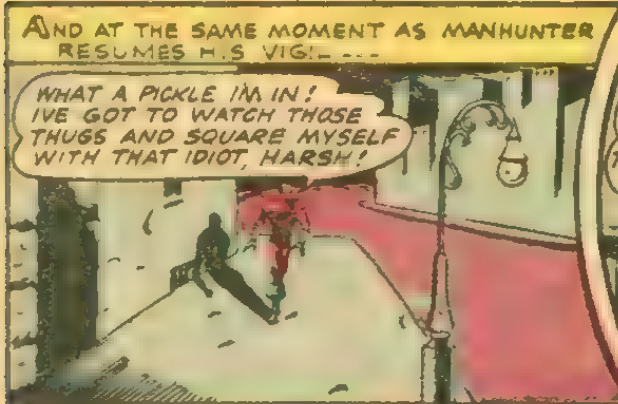
WHY DON'T YOU CUT OUT THAT NOTE STUFF?

SURE, WE KNOW YOU'RE THE REAL BOSS... YOU CAN TRUST US... YOU DON'T HAVE TO LEAVE PHONEY NOTES!



YOU GUYS GOT ME WRONG... I AINT THE BOSS!.. ANYWAY, LET'S GO! MANHUNTERS TAKING THE RAP FOR ALL OUR JOBS!

WE GET THE CASH AND MANHUNTER GETS THE CREDIT... A PLEASURE!



AND AT THE SAME MOMENT AS MANHUNTER RESUMES H.S. VIGIL...

WHAT A PICKLE I'M IN! I'VE GOT TO WATCH THOSE THUGS AND SQUARE MYSELF WITH THAT IDIOT, HARSH!



A QUIET VOICE SPEAKS FROM THE STREET SHADOWS

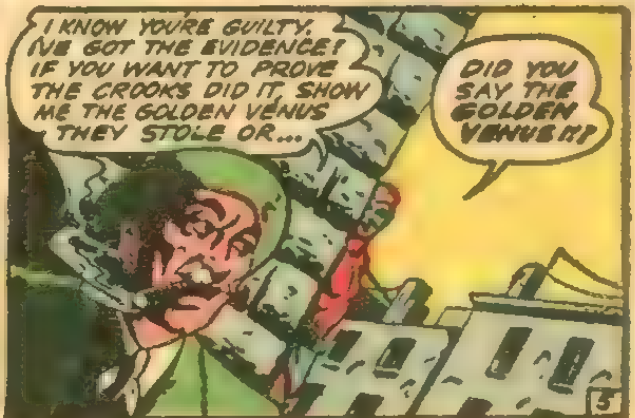
TALKING ABOUT ME, MANHUNTER?.. DON'T GET SCARED!.. IT'S TOO DARK FOR ME TO SHOOT!

HARSH!



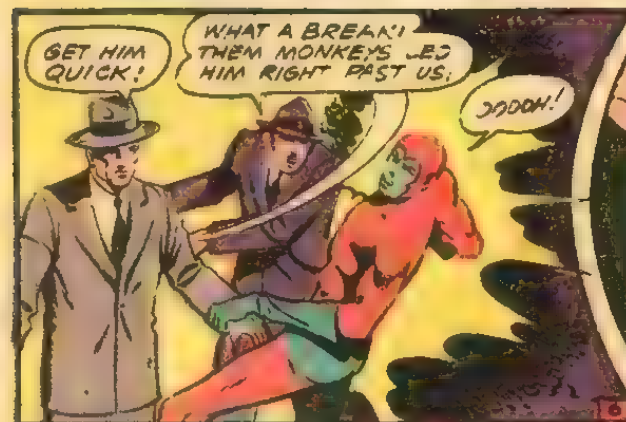
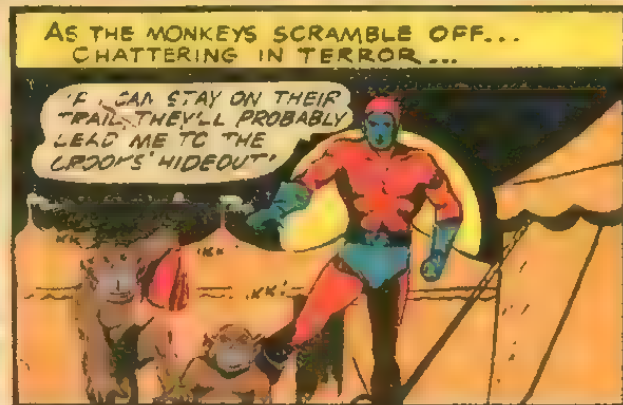
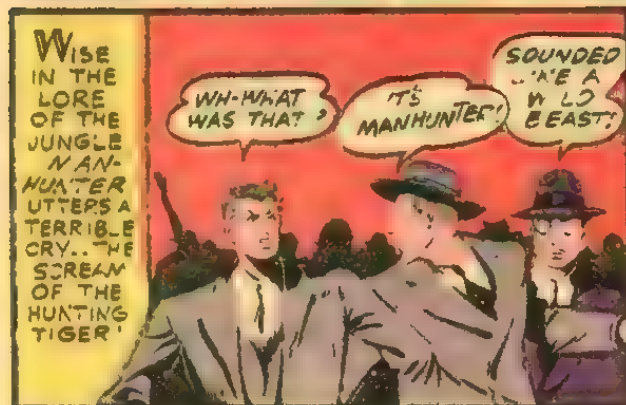
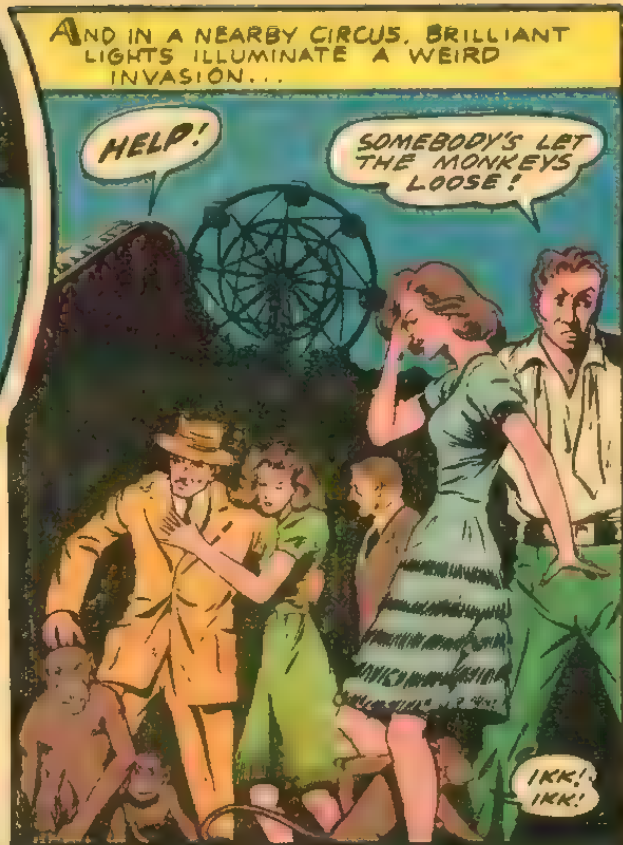
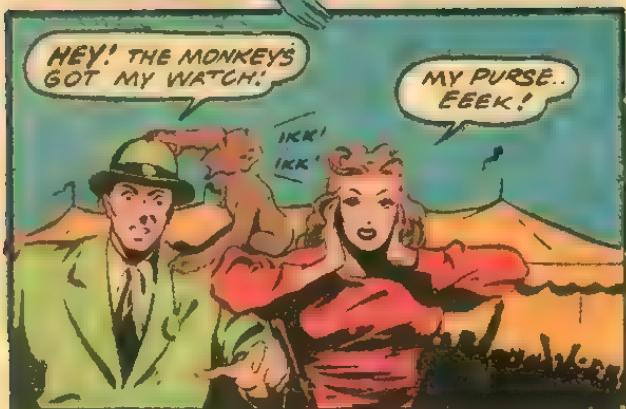
NO, I'M NOT FRIGHTENED, HARSH. BUT I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO INTENT ON GETTING ME!

YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!



I KNOW YOU'RE GUILTY. I'VE GOT THE EVIDENCE! IF YOU WANT TO PROVE THE CROOKS DID IT, SHOW ME THE GOLDEN VENUS THEY STOLE OR...

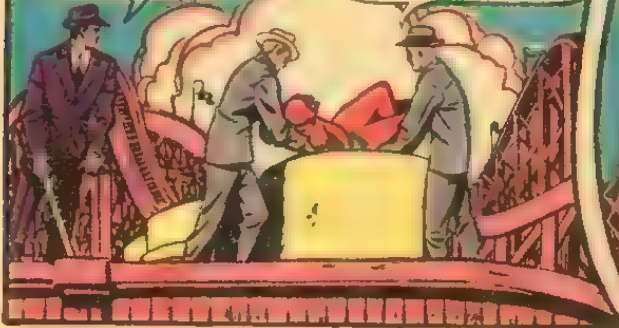
DID YOU SAY THE GOLDEN VENUS?



HIGH ON A ROLLER COASTER TOWER, THE THUGS
PREPARE A SMASHING FINISH FOR MANHUNTER!

IM GONNA JAM THE
THROTTLE ON FULL
SPEED... HE'S SURE
TO CRACK UP!

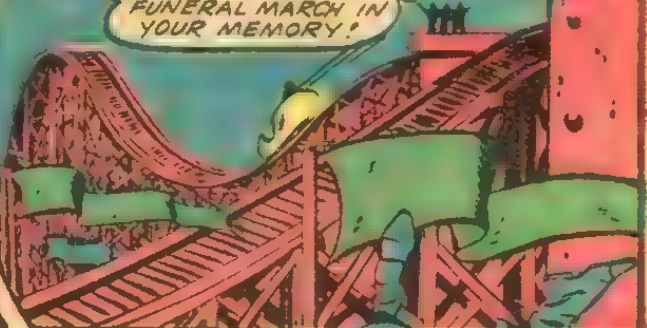
IT'S A SHAME WE
WONT BE
THERE TO WATCH!



SLOWLY THE CAR STARTS ON ITS
"DEATH RIDE!!"

SO LONG, MANHUNTER,
WE'LL ASK THE BRASS
BAND TO PLAY A
FUNERAL MARCH IN
YOUR MEMORY!

HAI NA!
GREAT BAG,
BENNY!



STEEL
SQUEALS
ON
STEEL
AS
THE
RUN-
AWAY
CAR
ROARS
DOWN
THE
TRACKS!

THIS CAR'LL CRACK
UP ANY MINUTE!
GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!

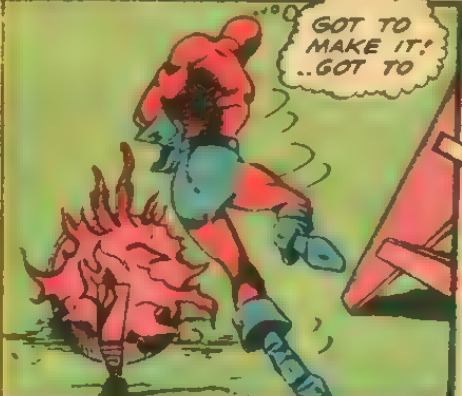


I'VE GOT JUST
ONE CHANCE IF
I CAN HIT THE
RIGHT SPOT
BELOW!



●
BODY
TWISTING
LIKE A
JUNGLE
JAGUAR
MANHUNTER
HURTLES
EARTH-
WARD
LIKE A
LEADEN
WEIGHT

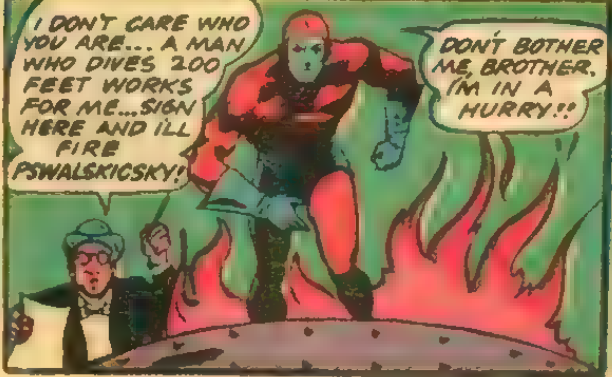
GOT TO
MAKE IT!
...GOT TO



AS THE RAGING FLAME BURNS BONDS AWAY..

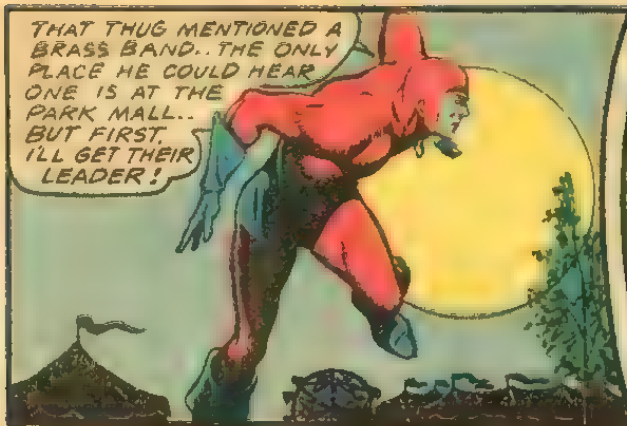
I DONT CARE WHO
YOU ARE... A MAN
WHO DIVES 200
FEET WORKS
FOR ME... SIGN
HERE AND I'LL
FIRE
PSWALSKICKS!

DONT BOTHER
ME, BROTHER.
IM IN A
HURRY!!

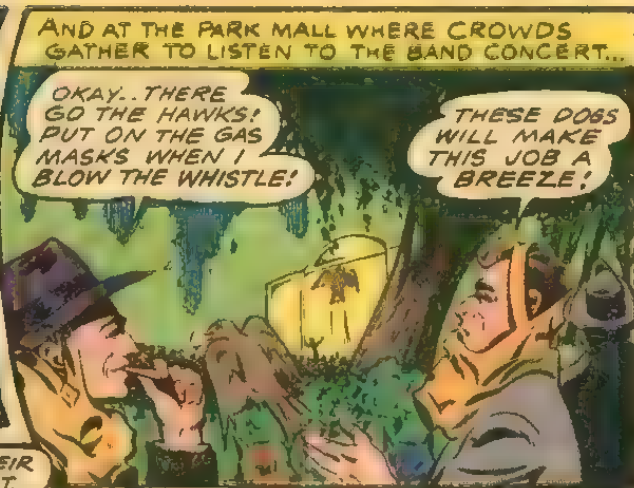


WHERE'D HE
COME FROM...
THE MOON?



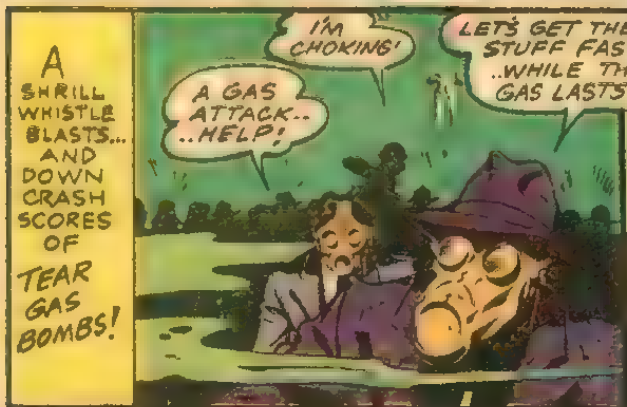


THAT THUG MENTIONED A BRASS BAND..THE ONLY PLACE HE COULD HEAR ONE IS AT THE PARK MALL... BUT FIRST, I'LL GET THEIR LEADER!



AND AT THE PARK MALL WHERE CROWDS GATHER TO LISTEN TO THE BAND CONCERT...
OKAY..THERE GO THE HAWKS! PUT ON THE GAS MASKS WHEN I BLOW THE WHISTLE!

THESE DOGS WILL MAKE THIS JOB A BREEZE!



A SHRILL WHISTLE BLASTS... AND DOWN CRASH SCORES OF TEAR GAS BOMBS!

I'M CHOKING!
A GAS ATTACK... ..HELP!

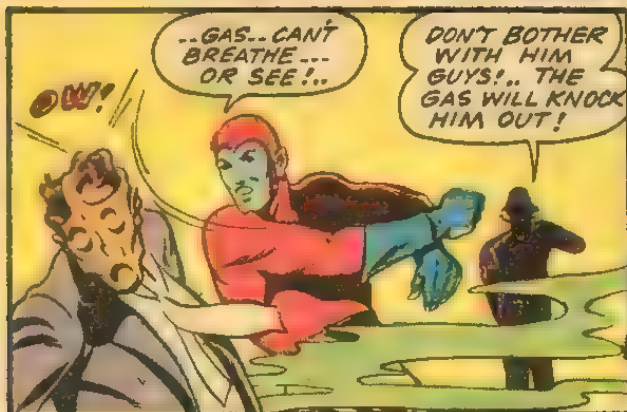
LET'S GET THEIR STUFF FAST... ..WHILE THE GAS LASTS!



NOT SO FAST FRIENDS.. IF YOU DONT MIND!

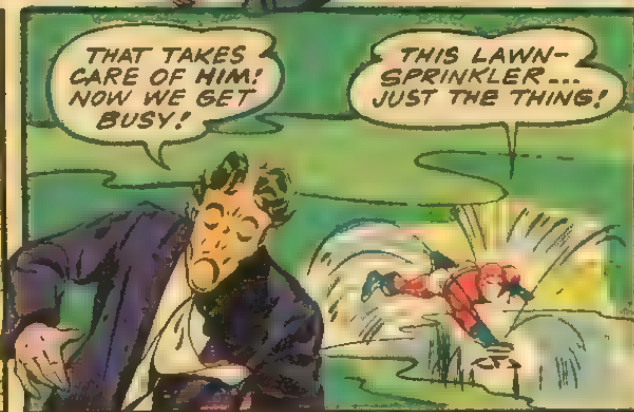
MANHUNTER!

HOW'D HE..?



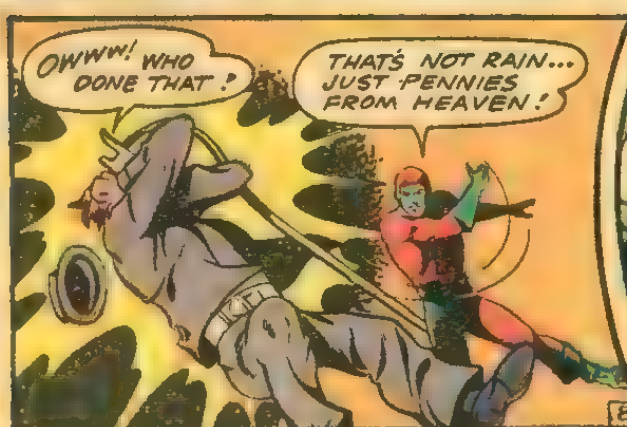
OW!
...GAS... CAN'T BREATHE... OR SEE!..

DON'T BOTHER WITH HIM GUYS!.. THE GAS WILL KNOCK HIM OUT!



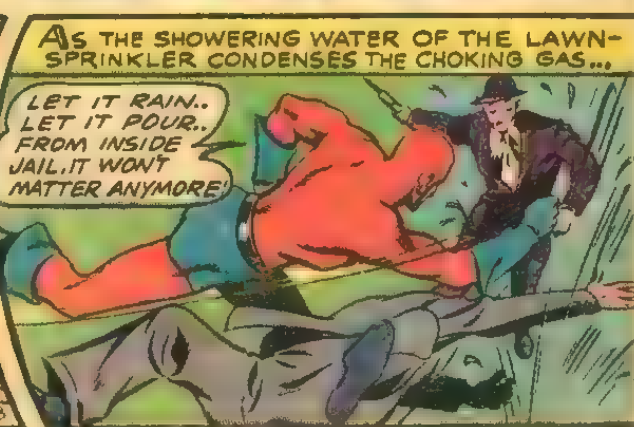
THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! NOW WE GET BUSY!

THIS LAWN-SPRINKLER... JUST THE THING!



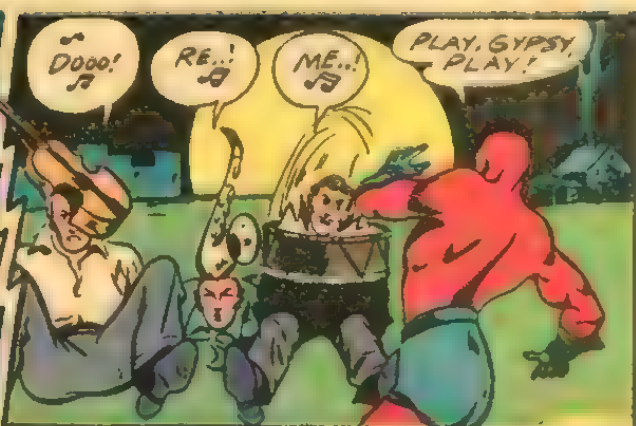
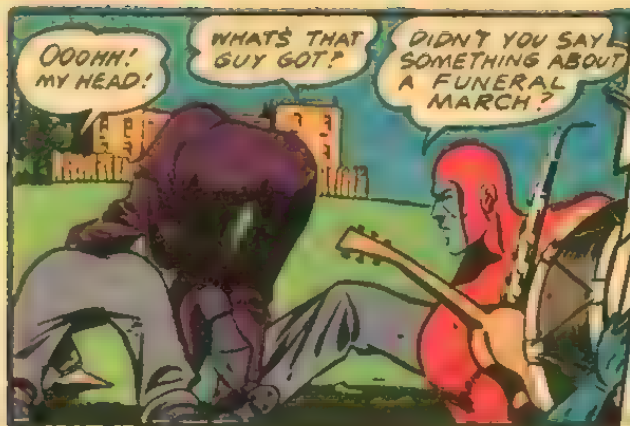
OWWWW! WHO DONE THAT ?

THAT'S NOT RAIN... JUST PENNIES FROM HEAVEN!

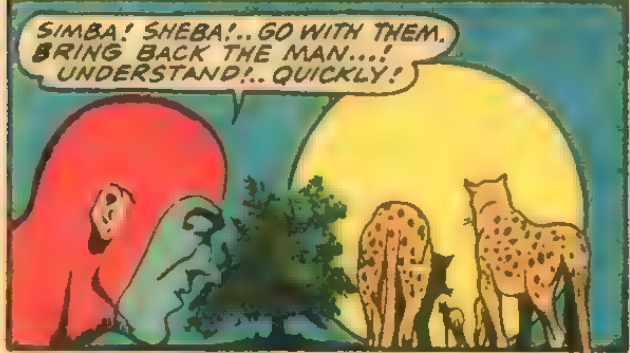


AS THE SHOWERING WATER OF THE LAWN-SPRINKLER CONDENSES THE CHOKING GAS...

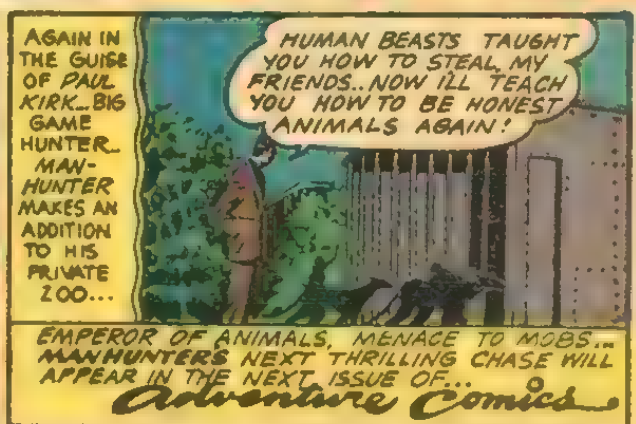
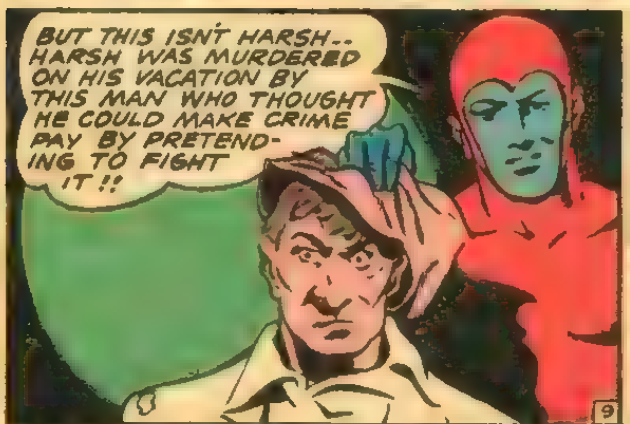
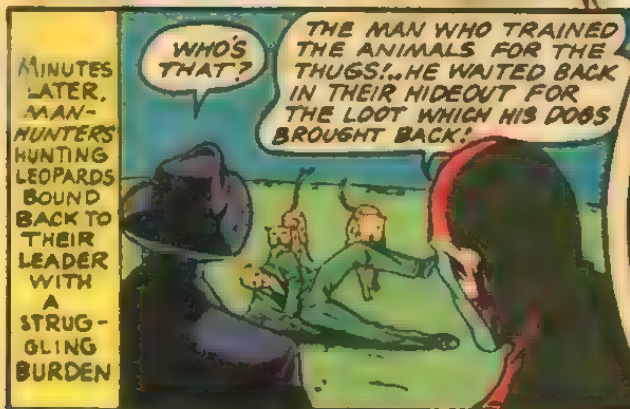
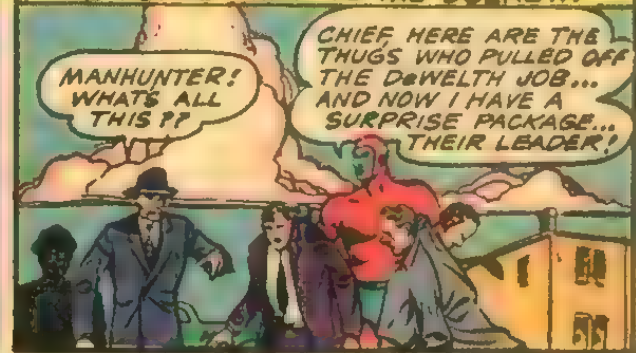
LET IT RAIN.. LET IT POUR.. FROM INSIDE JAIL,IT WON'T MATTER ANYMORE!



QUICKLY, MANHUNTER UNLEASHES THE THUGS GREY-HOUNDS AND MAKES AN ADDITION TO THE PACK...



AND AS THE POLICE SQUADS FOLLOW THE POLICE CHIEF TO THE SCENE...



SCIENTIFIC VENGEANCE

by Grant Ball

THE man hunt had been on for a week and still there had been no trace of Pierre Ferand. In a country as vast as Alaska a man can lose himself in the gloomy silence of winter, even if he did not commit a murder. But Pierre Ferand had, and now it was no secret why Professor Devereaux had been murdered. The formula he had just completed would be very valuable in enemy hands.

Carmody, who had been working with Devereaux, looked appealingly at the two men, sitting with him in the overheated hunting lodge. They had found Carmody, almost dead from cold, almost snow blind, wandering about in the wastelands. Their names were Jason and Diggins. In the winter, they trapped. When the ice broke, and the spring thaw came, they used their hunting lodge as a recreational place for the rich.

Jason looked evenly at Carmody. The aging man's slight body was encased in a heavy blanket, and there was a steaming drink on the table alongside him. "Diggins and I know how you feel, Professor. It's tough to have a pal killed. But why don't you let the law find Ferand? And the FBI." He shook his head sympathetically. "A fellow like you shouldn't be out alone."

Carmody's pale blue eyes burned intensely. "I've got to

find him," he said. "He killed the best friend I had. And he's got those plans. You gentlemen can't seem to understand what that means."

Diggins was big and slow spoken. "I know Ferand," he said softly. "He'll let nothing stop him to get out of this country. It's been a week now since the first posse started looking for him. That murderer's like a fox. It'll take a cunning brain, and a good fist to get him." He smashed his hand on the table. Then, as though ashamed of this display of emotion, grinned abashedly. "Sorry. But I just happened to think if he ever got Jason, here, I'd sure not let up." He got to his feet. "But why don't you stay here awhile, Professor? Then, when you feel better, Jason and I will see if we can pick up his trail."

Carmody shook his head. "I—I—can't," he said. "There was a report on the radio that Ferand was seen in the vicinity of Arcton. An Eskimo reported a stranger on snowshoes passing the outskirts of the village."

Jason walked to the door, threw it open. An icy blast penetrated the room over the howling of the wind. Snow smashed into the cabin. Jason bent into the door, shoved it back. "That ought to answer you, Professor. The storm's worse than when we picked you up a few hours ago. You can

bet Ferand is holed up someplace, waiting for it to die down. He knows this country too well to buck it."

"I—I—guess so," Carmody said wearily. He suddenly felt much older, even though he was not a young man. Maybe these fellows were right. A scientist had no business going out on a personal manhunt. It was better to let the law take its course.

But still, they didn't understand. They didn't know the tortures his brain was undergoing. If only he hadn't flown to Nome that weekend. Then Devereaux wouldn't have been left alone. Ferand must have been watching them for some time, discovered the location of the records. Every scrap relating to the formula had disappeared. There was nothing on the floor but Devereaux's body when Carmody had come back with the Government man.

Oh, he had been a smart enough fellow, that Government man. He had called the FBI right away, and they had managed to pin the murder on Pierre Ferand. The damaging letter, not quite burned, had been found in Ferand's cabin. It had promised a lot for the formula. Naturally, there had been no address, no signature on the letter. The enemies for whom Ferand worked were cautious as the murderer himself. It was amazing how long Ferand had been operating. And

the Devereaux formula for a new high explosive had been the biggest job. The finding of the letter in Ferand's cabin had also proven how information on secret air bases in Alaska had leaked out to the enemy.

Carmody groaned inwardly. Diggins was looking at him sympathetically while Jason busied himself pouring more coal into the red-hot stove. The cabin was unbearably hot.

Suddenly, over the howling of the wind outside came the report of a rifle. At first, the men in the cabin thought the coal stove had cracked, and their eyes turned to it.

That was their mistake. Their backs were to the door as it opened.

Pierre Ferand, one arm dangling loosely at his side, leaned against the door. His red-rimmed eyes were those of a madman, but the hand holding the gun was steady. The eyes narrowed as they saw Carmody.

Ferand was dressed for the elements. Beneath his parka, his beard was stiff and cold, as cold as his voice.

"There's a Sheriff trailing me," he said. "He won't figure I'll go here. I'm going into that back room. The first false move, and I'll kill the three of you before he gets me."

"Just like you killed my partner," Carmody gasped. His slight body stiffened, then relaxed as he watched the melting ice drip from Ferand's beard.

Diggins' voice was calm. "All right, Ferand," he said evenly. "You're holding this hand. Go ahead into the back room." His lips curled contemptuously. "Being shot in the back by you is what anybody would expect."

Ferand's eyes were wild. "I'll answer that later," he said hoarsely, moving warily toward the back, gun held unwaveringly. The killer instinct was all too apparent on his face. "If that lucky shot hadn't gotten me, I'd have lost that Sheriff in another mile."

"But you won't get away from me," Carmody's thin face was white. "I swore I'd track you down. And now I've got you, Ferand." There was a strange light in his eyes. He rose to his feet.

"Carmody, sit down! He'll kill you!" Diggins' voice was anxious. "Sit down!"

"He hasn't got the guts!" The little man took a step forward.

Ferand snarled. "Okay, I'll take care of you three and then I'll get that Sheriff. He'll never take me alone. Not with me in here!" He pulled the trigger. The faces of Diggins and Jason paled as Carmody stood full in the path of the bullet, ready to spring. Their ears awaited the crashing report.

But it didn't come. There was a click as Ferand's gun missed fire! The next instant, Carmody was on him like a wildcat. The gun rolled to the floor as the little scientist's teeth went into the murderer's wrist. Ferand howled with maddened pain.

Then he lay still as Diggins' big fist crashed into his face. The door burst open and the Sheriff came in, his rifle ready for action.

He blinked as his eyes took in the scene. Diggins was towering over Ferand. Jason was helping a sobbing little man to a chair. It was but an instant, and the Sheriff had the cuffs on his prisoner. "I picked up Ferand's trail an hour ago," he said, "and finally managed to

catch up with him. I never expected to get him alive, and I knew it was either me or him. I lost him after I winged him. I was ready to pass this place by, figuring he'd never come in here." He slid out of his fur coat, looked admiringly at Diggins. "I didn't figure he'd ever let any man close enough to sock him," he said. "You sure took an awful chance, Diggins."

The big man shook his head. He was looking admiringly at Carmody. The scientist looked so thin and frail. "I didn't do it, Sheriff," he said. "Carmody, here, walked right up to him." His eyes bewildered, and unbelieving, he looked again at the scientist. "You're the one who took the chance, Professor," he said. "If that gun hadn't missed fire—!"

"I knew it would," Carmody's voice was low. Now, for the first time, he seemed to be seeing the men. A faint smile crossed his face. "What was it you said would capture Ferand, Diggins? Cunning and a big fist?" He smiled. "You were right. You had the fist."

The little man looked over at Ferand's still form and went on. "He never learned that when a gun freezes in sub-zero temperature and is taken into a hot room, the mechanism is bound to expand. That's scientific fact! And a man who doesn't understand science can get himself into a lot of trouble sometimes."

"Professor," Diggins said earnestly. "You sure said something." He looked at Jason. "And now you'd better lie down and rest while Jason and I help the Sheriff take this murdering wolf into town. That's our part of your manhunt!"

The End

HOURMAN

THORNDYKE

With

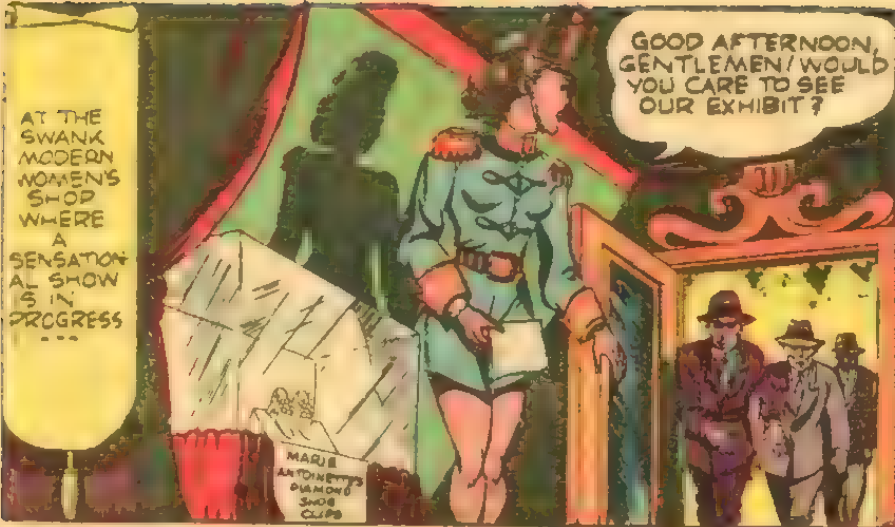
BY BERNARD
BAILEY

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9



IN THIS MODERN DAY AND AGE ADVERTISING IS A BILLION DOLLAR INDUSTRY, BRINGING USEFUL PRODUCTS BEFORE THE BUYERS OF THE WORLD.... BUT WHEN A GANG OF THUGS BEGINS A CAMPAIGN OF CRIME TO ADVERTISE THEIR SKILL IN SKULDUGGERY TO BUYERS OF THE UNDERWORLD.... HOURMAN, SIXTY-MINUTE CRIME-CRUSADER, HAS TO WRITE HIS OWN DYNAMIC COPY TO SOLVE THE CASE OF....
"THE RIDDLES IN RHYME!"



GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN! WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE OUR EXHIBIT?



YOU GOT US WRONG, LADY! WE'RE GONNA TAKE IT! WE HEARD THESE SHOE CLIPS ARE WORTH \$10,000!



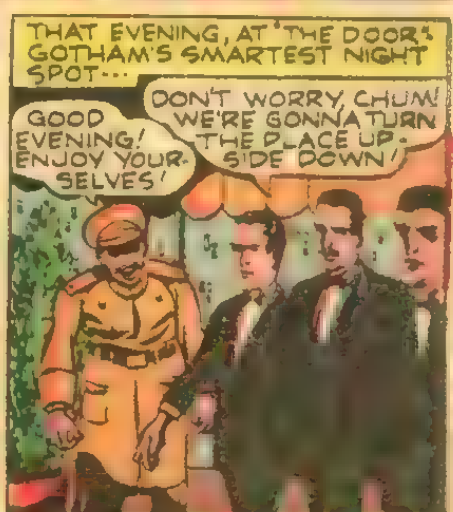
OKAY. LET'S GO!

I'M LEAVING OUR CALLING CARD!



THAT'S STRANGE. ALL THE CARD SAYS IS "ONE-TWO" WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!



THAT EVENING, AT 'THE DOOR' GOTHAM'S SMARTEST NIGHT SPOT...

GOOD EVENING! ENJOY YOURSELVES!

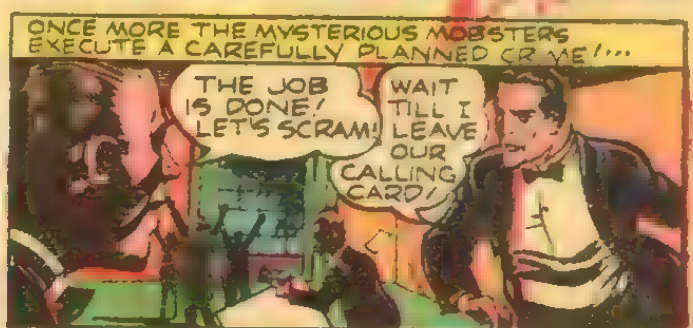
DON'T WORRY, CHUM! WE'RE GONNA TURN THE PLACE UP. SIDE DOWN!



JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, BUDDY, AND DON'T MOVE OR YOU'LL GET HURT!

HURRY, JOE! WE DON'T WANT TO WASTE ANY MORE TIME HERE!

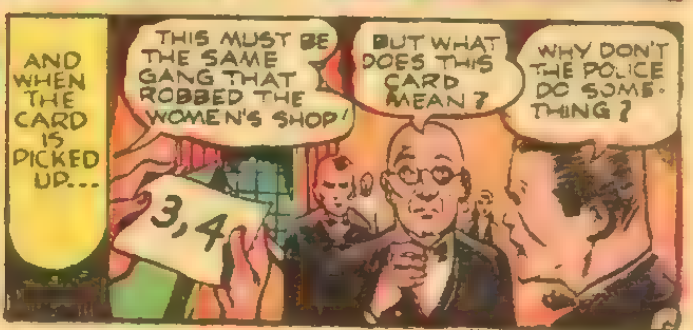
BUT, GENTLEMEN, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?



ONCE MORE THE MYSTERIOUS MOBSTERS EXECUTE A CAREFULLY PLANNED CRIME!...

THE JOB IS DONE! LET'S SCRAM!

WAIT TILL I LEAVE OUR CALLING CARD!



AND WHEN THE CARD IS PICKED UP...

THIS MUST BE THE SAME GANG THAT ROBBED THE WOMEN'S SHOP!

BUT WHAT DOES THIS CARD MEAN?

WHY DON'T THE POLICE DO SOMETHING?

THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS YOUNG CHEMIST REX TYLER EXAMINES THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINES ---

THOSE CARDS---H.M.M.M..SHOE CLIPS STOLEN-AND THE DOOR RAIDED--I GET IT? ONE-TWO; BUT ON MY SHOE, THREE-FOUR, CLOSE THE DOOR"/ BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE CROOKS DROPPED THE CARDS!

DAILY TATTLER
MYSTERIOUS
MOB MENACES
CITY!!

SUDDENLY--

THIS IS THE PLACE! HURRY UP, GUYS, WE AINT GOT MUCH TIME!

HEY, LOOK! A FAN! HE'S READING ABOUT US IN THE PAPER!

WHY-- YOU'RE THE THUGS---

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE AFTER BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET IT!

OH, TOUGH GUY!

OWH!

A DOSE OF THIS CHEMICAL IS JUST WHAT YOU CROOKS NEED!

GLUG!

WE GOT A LITTLE MEDICINE TO HAND OUT, TOO!

ALONE - AND WITHOUT THE AID OF MIRACLO, REX TYLER IS NO MATCH FOR THE THUGS!

HURRY UP-- WE GOTTA LOCATE THAT DYNAMITE THIS CHEMICAL COMPANY INVENTED!

OHH!

I GOT THE STUFF BOYS! THIS NEW T.N.T. IS SO STRONG I'M AFRAID TO LOOK AT IT!

I LEFT A CALLING CARD --- COME ON, WE'LL USE THE STUFF RIGHT AWAY!

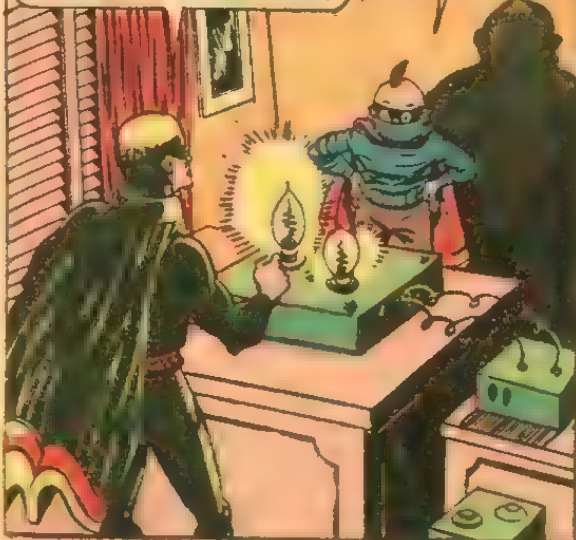
AND AGAIN THE MOB LEAVES BEHIND ANOTHER ENIGMATIC CRIME!

FIVE-SIX, PICK UP STICKS--STICKS OF DYNAMITE! THEY ROB A STORE, RUIN A NIGHT CLUB! THIS IS A RIDDLE FOR HOUR-MAN!

AT HOME --- MIRACLES --- MYSTERIOUS
POWER-GIVING RAY TURNS REX TYLER
INTO HOURMAN!

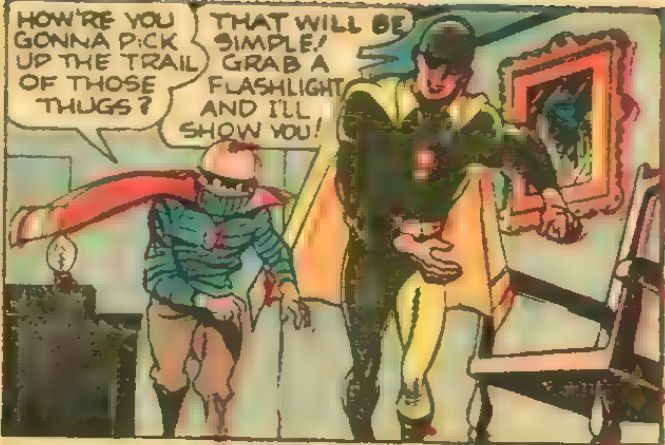
THESE CRIMES, THORNDYKE,
ARE FOLLOWING THE
PATTERN OF AN OLD
NURSERY RHYME, BUT
THEY DON'T MAKE
SENSE! THERE'S NO
PROFIT IN RUINING A
NIGHT CLUB OR
STEALING DYNAMITE!

THIS IS
GONNA BE
A TOUGH ONE
TO FIGURE OUT



HOW'RE YOU
GONNA PICK
UP THE TRAIL
OF THOSE
THUGS?

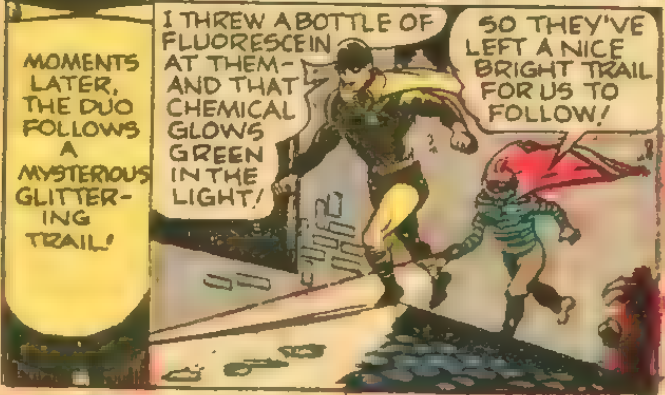
THAT WILL BE
SIMPLE!
GRAB A
FLASHLIGHT
AND I'LL
SHOW YOU!



MOMENTS
LATER,
THE DUO
FOLLOWS
A
MYSTERIOUS
GLITTER-
ING
TRAIL!

I THREW A BOTTLE OF
FLUORESCIN
AT THEM--
AND THAT
CHEMICAL
GLOWS
GREEN
IN THE
LIGHT!

SO THEY'VE
LEFT A NICE
BRIGHT TRAIL
FOR US TO
FOLLOW!



THEY HAVE
FOUND US!

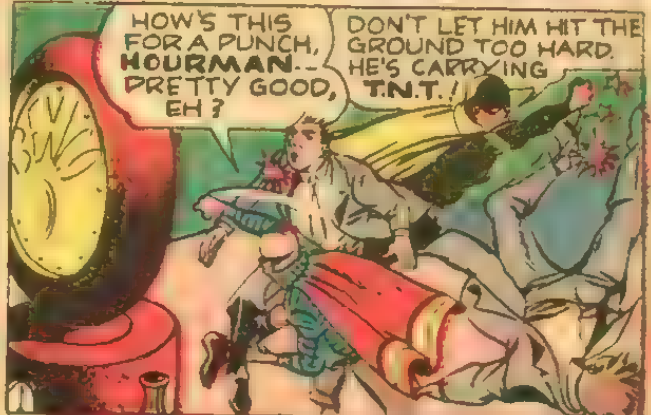
THERE THEY
ARE!

HOURMAN!



HOW'S THIS
FOR A PUNCH,
HOURMAN--
PRETTY GOOD,
EH?

DON'T LET HIM HIT THE
GROUND TOO HARD.
HE'S CARRYING
T.N.T.!!



QUICK! DRILL
HOURMAN!
DON'T TAKE
ANY CHANCES!

I'LL-HEY
GULP!

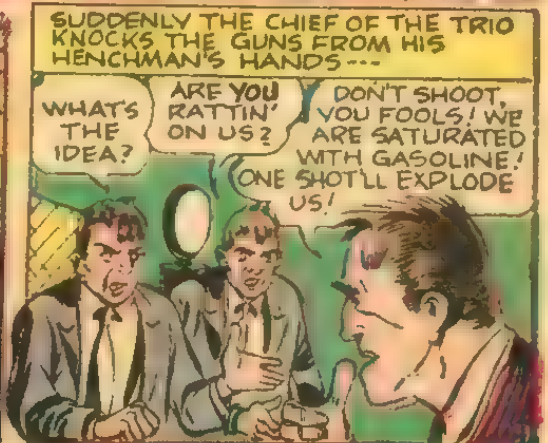


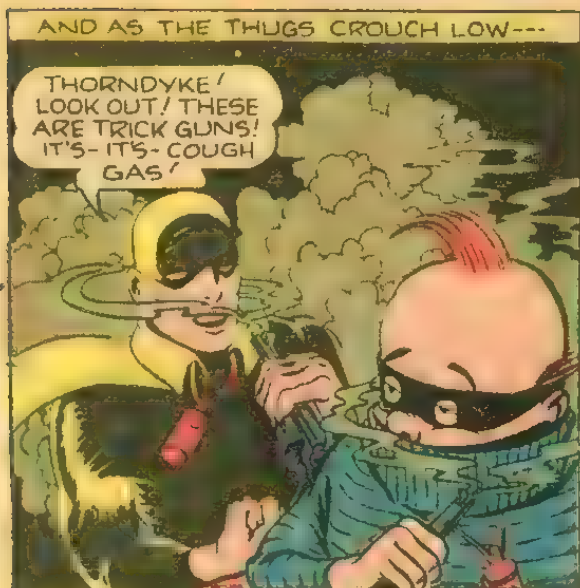
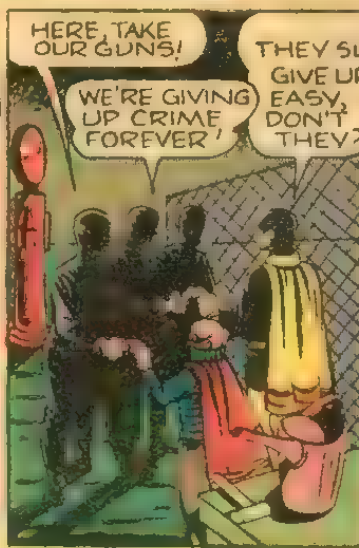
SUDDENLY THE CHIEF OF THE TRIO
KNOCKS THE GUNS FROM HIS
HENCHMAN'S HANDS---

WHAT'S
THE
IDEA?

ARE YOU
RATTIN'
ON US?

DON'T SHOOT,
YOU FOOLS! WE
ARE SATURATED
WITH GASOLINE!
ONE SHOT'LL EXPLODE
US!





QUICKLY
THE
MAN OF
THE
HOUR
AND HIS
BOY
COMPAN-
ION
ARE BOUND

WE SURE
STOPPED
THESE GUYS
COLD!

YEAH, OUR ADVERTISING
CAMPAIGN
IS GOING PLENTY
FINE! THE PAPERS
IS GIVING US PLENTY
OF PUBLICITY ON
ACCOUNT OF THEM
CARDS WE DROPPED!

THE WHOLE UNDERWORLD
IS GONNA KNOW THAT
WE CAN PULL OFF ANY
KIND OF A JOB ANY TIME,
ANY PLACE! WE'LL GET
PLENTY OF BUSINESS -
AND WE'LL CHARGE
PLENTY!

AND NOW
HOURMAN'S
WALKED RIGHT
INTO OUR
HANDS! I'VE
GOT AN IDEA!

WE'LL USE
HOURMAN
AND HIS PAL
FOR THE SEVEN-
EIGHT* PART
OF OUR ADVERTIS-
ING CAMPAIGN!

I GET IT!
SEVEN-
EIGHT,
LIE THEM
STRAIGHT!

WE'LL PUT
THEM OUT
COLD!

HIGH ON THE ADJOINING DRAW-
BRIDGE, THE TEAM IS TIED---

HEY! AIN'T
WE GONNA
GAG THEM
TWO?

WE DON'T
HAVE TO!
IT'S GETTING
SO FOGGY
THAT NO ONE
WILL KNOW
WHERE TO
LOOK EVEN IF
THEY DO YELL
FOR HELP!

NOW WE'LL
GO BACK ON
OUR OLD
SCHEDULE!
WE STILL GOT
"NINE-TEN"
TO TAKE
CARE OF!

YEAH, AND
WE'RE GONNA
NEED PLENTY
CASH FOR
FUTURE
EXPENSES!

AND AS
A SLOW
SPUTTER-
ING FUSE
BURNS
TOWARD
DESTRUCTION...

HOURMAN! THIS
T.N.T. WILL BLOW
UP IN ANOTHER
MINUTE! YOU'VE
GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!

I CAN'T BREAK THESE
ROPES THORNDYKE!
THAT GAS WEAKENED
ME TEMPORARILY! I
CAN ONLY THINK OF
ONE THING! I
HOPE IT
WORKS!

FROM HOURMAN'S LIPS A SHRILL
WHISTLE SOUNDS THROUGH THE
FOG!

ARE YOU OUT OF
YOUR MIND? YOU
AIN'T GONNA
STOP THE
EXPLOSION BY
WHISTLING!

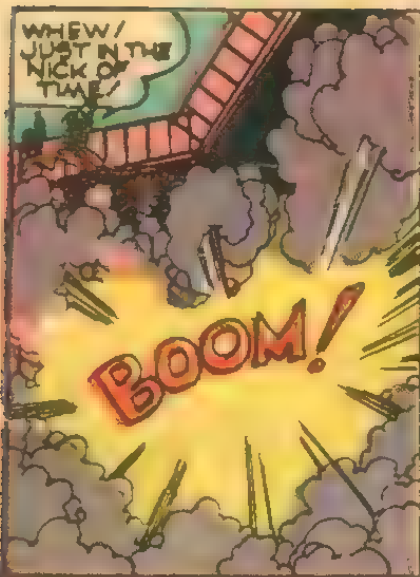
BUT IN ANSWER TO THE S-H-R-I-L-WHISTLE, THE HEAVY BRIDGE GROANS--AND RISES!

HEY! THE BRIDGE IS OPENING! HOW COME!

IN THIS FOG, THE ENGINEER THINKS MY WHISTLE WAS A SHIP SIGNALLING!

LOOK! THE DYNAMITE! IT'S ROLLING OFF THE BRIDGE!

THAT'S WHAT I HOPED WOULD HAPPEN!



LATER

WHERE TO NOW?

NEXT RHYME IS 'NINE-TEN, A BIG FAT HEN'!-- IN THE UNDERWORLD, HEN IS SLANG FOR AN OLD WOMAN!



AT THE APARTMENT OF DORA DANBY-- FAMOUS--WEALTHY--ECCENTRIC---

TEN THOUSAND AND ONE-- TEN THOUSAND AND TWO-- WHO'S THERE?

KNOCK KNOCK

IT'S ONLY US CROOKS, MISS DANBY!

YOU SHOULDN'T GET SO EXCITED, LADY! A BULLET WOULD BE BAD FOR YOUR HEART!

BUT AS THE LADY GOES INTO EXCITED ACTION...



TAKE THAT, YOU NASTY MEN... OOPS! MY VOICE SLIPPED!

HEY!

OW!



DON'T LOOK NOW - HORN DYKE - BUT MORE THAN YOUR VOICE SLIPPED!

HEY! IT'S HOURMAN!

HOW DID THEY GET AWAY?

THEN I'M GONNA USE MY STUFFING TO KNOCK THE STUFFING OUT OF THESE THUGS!

OW! WHAT ARE WE DOING... PLAYING GAMES?



BUT, WITH TRIP-HAMMER BLOWS, HOURMAN BATTERS THE ADVERTISING CROOKS BACK...

THIS IS NO GAME, BOYS!

OUCH - WHAT HIT ME?

COME ON, GUYS! LET'S GET HOT!



IT'S TOO LATE TO GET HOT, BOYS! YOU HAD BETTER COOL OFF!

JEEPERS! HOURMAN'S SURE SHOWERING THEM WITH ATTENTION!



HOURMAN SAVED ME FROM THEM!

THE JINGLE MOB!

WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING?

I'M THINKING OF A RHYME THAT GOES WITH "ELEVEN-TWELVE"



A CRIMINAL CAMPAIGN CONCLUDES WITH ELEVEN-TWELVE-DIG AND DELVE!

SAY! WHAT DID HE MEAN?

YEAH, WHAT GOES WITH ELEVEN-TWELVE?

AW SHUT UP!

HOURMAN MAKES EVERY HOUR COUNT! YOU CAN MAKE EVERY HOUR COUNT, TOO, BY USING EVERY DOLLAR TO BUY WAR BONDS AND STANDS!
BERNARD BAILY





BE SURE
TO GET THESE
TOP FAVORITES
FOR THE BEST IN
COMICS!



NOW ON SALE
EVERYWHERE!



YES- I'M CONVINCED
THAT I CAN MAKE GOOD
MONEY IN RADIO.
I'M GOING TO START
TRAINING FOR RADIO
RIGHT NOW.



NO- NOT ME.
I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE
MY TIME. SUCCESS IS
JUST A MATTER OF
LUCK AND I WASN'T
BORN LUCKY.

**BILL SAID
"YES"**
HE'S MAKING
GOOD MONEY
IN RADIO
NOW



THIS N.R.I. TRAINING
IS GREAT. AND THEY
SENT REAL RADIO
PARTS TO HELP
ME LEARN
QUICKLY

YOU CERTAINLY
KNOW RADIO.
MINE NEVER
SOUNDED
BETTER.



I'VE BEEN STUDYING RADIO
ONLY A FEW MONTHS AND
I'M ALREADY MAKING
GOOD MONEY IN
MY SPARE
TIME

THANKS

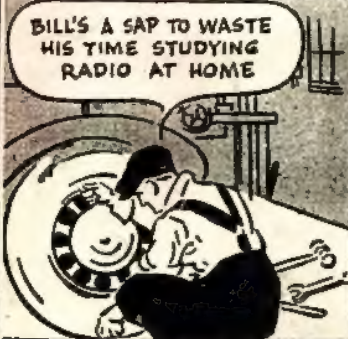
OH BILL! I'M
SO PROUD OF
YOU. YOU'VE
GONE AHEAD
SO FAST IN
RADIO



YES! I'VE GOT A
GOOD JOB NOW AND
A REAL FUTURE.
THANKS TO
N.R.I. TRAINING



**TOM SAID
"NO"**
HE'S STILL
WAITING
FOR "LUCK"



BILL'S A SAP TO WASTE
HIS TIME STUDYING
RADIO AT HOME



SAME OLD GRIND --
SAME SKINNY PAY
ENVELOPE -- I'M
JUST WHERE I
WAS FIVE YEARS
AGO

GUESS I'M A
FAILURE -
LOOKS LIKE
I'LL NEVER
GET ANYWHERE



YOU'LL ALWAYS BE
A FAILURE, TOM,
UNLESS YOU DO SOME-
THING ABOUT IT.
WISHING AND WAITING
WON'T GET YOU
ANYWHERE



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Dept. 3AB9
National Radio Institute
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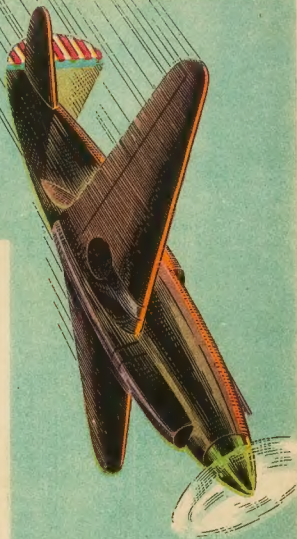
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